The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1923 NUMBER 470

Contents

The Week 27

Editorials
- Should Great Britain Break with France?..... 31
- Making War on Children..... 32
- American Labor's Program..... 33

General Articles
- The New Congress.....John W. Owens 35
- Four Poems.....Carl Sandburg 37
- A Page of Sonnets..... 38
- Autumn Nights.....Sara Teasdale 39
- "What Porridge Had John Keats"..... .....George Sterling 39
- Two Poems.....Amy Lowell 39
- Doctor Mohawk.....Vachel Lindsay 40
- Railroad Union Efficiency.....George Soule 41
- The Chemistry of Words....William A. Norris 42

Correspondence 44

Books and Things.....P. L. 45

Reviews of Books
- The Failures.....Stark Young 46
- Newspapers under the Knife.....Bruce Bliven 47
- Adventure Extraordinary...Robert Morss Lovett 47
- Briefs on Books..... 48

The Week

STRESEMANN now takes his place with Cuno and Wirth, as one more German Chancellor who has been overthrown, not because his policies were unwise or his actions indiscreet, but because he was made the scapegoat for the unhappy plight in which his country finds itself. Dr. Heinrich Albert, best known in America as German agent in this country during the early days of the war, now becomes head of a government the powerlessness of which is indicated by the fact that it is from the beginning without a majority in the Reichstag. At best, the new Cabinet will be but a stopgap, a conventional screen for the von Seekt dictatorship. No middle ground government in Germany at present can have any importance, nor long survive, with 20,000,000 of the population in danger of starvation, with the Rhineland and the Ruhr abandoned to the French, with Bavaria dominated by the Monarchists, with the old currency fallen to fantastic figures and the new already beginning to go in the same direction. The only "policy" which seems possible for Berlin just now is to seek to stave off the catastrophe a little longer, by temporary measures.

FOR the plight of Germany, of course, the policy of the Allies, and France in particular, is mainly responsible. The leaders of the German Republic have undoubtedly done unwise things; but no amount of wisdom and courage on their part could have surmounted the difficulties which have been put in their road. For the present, as the vote of confidence given him last week indicated, there is no hope that Poincaré will alter his policy. His concessions to Baldwin on the question of the Crown Prince and the security of the Allied Military Control Commission were patently intended only to help the present British government to remain in power, and to avert if possible the return of Lloyd George. France is committed by no pledges which bind her to modify the general policy she has pursued ever since 1918. Eventually, however, we believe she must perceive the unwisdom of her course. She is headed toward bankruptcy, the burden on her taxpayers grows increasingly heavy, and is made worse by the continued issue of tax-exempt securities to meet present needs. Italy has served notice that she will not follow further, Belgium is growing restive, even the Little Entente cannot be expected to acquiesce indefinitely in a policy which moves steadily closer to the brink of another general war, for which the small nations are ill-prepared, and which might take from them much or all that they have gained since 1914. France has elected to play a desperate game for high stakes. If she loses, she loses all.

THE RUHR industrialists, having made the best of a bad bargain, will now proceed to pass along the burden, in so far as they can, to their workmen. By the terms of the settlement an immediate payment to France of a quarter of a billion francs is to be made, to be followed by eighteen percent of the mine output. This is to be credited on reparation account and not charged against the cost of the Ruhr occupation, for which purpose a special tax of ten francs a ton is to be levied on coal. For the industrialists, the settlement means that,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

faced with the ruin of their properties, they have chosen to salvage what they can. For M. Poincaré, it means a victory which he can use to good political effect at home. For the Ruhr population, it means a chance to go to work, at a moment when they were confronted by starvation. So much has happened since France occupied the Ruhr eleven months ago that the weary and buffeted public opinion of the world will probably accept the settlement with the relief which marks a brief recession in the temperature of one ill with a raging fever.

LLOYD GEORGE is himself again. He won one election on the promise to hang the Kaiser and make Germany pay the cost of the war. It was a trick on the electorate and Lloyd George knew it was nothing more, but it got results. Now he is attacking the "foolish settlement with America." Baldwin was bluffed, he maintains, into funding the debt. Under the settlement the British taxpayer is paying the American income tax. This is nonsense, and Lloyd George knows it. He knows that a settlement practically on Baldwin's terms was essential to the maintenance of friendly relations between Britain and America. If it comes hard on the British taxpayer to raise the annual sums fixed in the agreement, he ought to remember that a good part of the principal of the loan was squandered in backing the Russian counter revolution and sending the Greeks to defeat in Anatolia, and he ought to remember further that while Lloyd George may attack the settlement he has no intention of disturbing it. Lloyd George is simply capitalizing the taxpayer's grievance for his own benefit.

THE confusion and uncertainty of the British election are redoubled by the sudden action of the twin journalistic giants, Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook. These gentlemen who between them have an almost monopolistic control of the popular press of Great Britain, have not only deserted Mr. Baldwin, but have severally and cheerfully announced the policies they desire the country to follow. Lord Beaverbrook wants a ship subsidy, and high tariffs on foodstuffs imported from other sources than the dominions. Lord Rothermere wants a farm bounty of ten dollars an acre. Platform making of this sort by journalists whose sole claim to public consideration is their fat check books which enable them to buy up the newspaper circulation other men's brains have created, is a new phenomenon and one with disturbing potentialities.

SIGNS of decreasing hostility between the two chief factions in Ireland's civil war have appeared at the moment when, it is interesting to note, anti-Semitism has become a menace serious enough to produce talk of possible pogroms. The numerous Republican prisoners in Free State jails who were participating in hunger strikes have abandoned them, and it is hinted that a general amnesty may be granted by Christmas. The hunger strike is a weapon which has lately lost effectiveness. In practice, it amounts to no more than committing suicide in the enemy's hands. If he is resolute enough to permit you to go through with it, and if the device is so familiar that it no longer has much publicity value, it accomplishes little or nothing. In the present instance, the morale of the strikers was injured by two things. The first man to die was buried quietly (though with full ritual) inside the prison walls, which prevented an heroic public funeral. Also, it was discovered that Mr. De Valera, the Republican president, was not joining in the hunger strike. He refrained from doing so, it appears, on orders from his Cabinet. No doubt their decision to save the captain and let the common soldiers die if necessary was sensible enough; but tame acquiescence in a policy so canny is sure to injure the Republican leader's prestige.

A STIFF fight will be waged in the coming Congress over the ratification of the treaty negotiated between the United States and Turkey during the course of the Lausanne conference. A group of American citizens, headed by James W. Gerard, former ambassador to Germany, and including in particular the friends of the Armenians, met the other day in New York and launched a campaign against ratification of the treaty on the ground that it is "morally indefensible, humiliating and purposeless," that it abrogates the capitulations which have been in force since 1832, forces virtual cessation of the work of American missionaries and educators in Turkey and constitutes a betrayal of our pledges to the Armenians. The Angora government has not kept its promises in the past and there is no reason to assume that it will do so now, according to these critics; moreover, it is very weak, and likely to fall, even if it is not forced into civil war, as seems probable. Mr. Gerard and his associates maintain that over against all these disadvantages, the treaty sets the solitary argument of protection for the Chester concessions—of dubious value, and now no longer controlled by Americans. They ask that we should not "compromise our honor in the Near East" by signing a treaty now which will gravely embarrass us in dealing with the government which they think is sure to succeed Mustapha Kemal Pasha in the near future.

SENATOR CAPPER'S plan for increasing the estate tax on exempt securities, if constitutional, would be a step in the right direction. It would not, however, solve the problem completely. As we showed in our last issue, of the estates, filed in 1922, tax exempt securities represented less than eight percent of all property. This would indicate that the total volume of such securities in estates

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of $50,000 and over is not more than $7,000,000,000, less than one quarter of the volume outstanding. Three-quarters of the tax exempt securities would still escape the obligation to contribute to the federal revenues. Besides, if the tax were heavy, men who considered themselves poor risks, would take pains to rid themselves of this kind of investment. The popular criticism of tax exemption rests on the assumption that it adds to the power of accumulation of the rich. If it does, the proper remedy would appear to be an increase in the general estate tax rather than a special levy on such tax exempt securities as happen to be held at the time of decease.

THERE are two sides to every question—even to the question of tax exemption. The principle was adopted in the first place under the assumption that men would pay more for a security yielding a given rate of return if it were non-taxable. Or, what amounts to the same thing, they would buy at par a low rate tax exempt bond, while taxable bonds would have to pay a higher rate. Thus the state issuing tax exempt securities would be relieved of part of the interest charge it would otherwise have to meet. If it lost revenue through tax exemption, it made a corresponding gain through reduction in the interest charge. And if the bondholder escaped taxes, he suffered a corresponding reduction in income. Few tax reformers are willing to entertain this view even for a moment. Tax exemption is morally wrong, they assert, and there is an end of it. We do not like dogmatism, even on the right side. Therefore we should like to see a careful study of tax exemption as it actually works, on the basis of the facts. If it is such a great privilege for the rich, why do they not avail themselves of it more freely than the estate tax figures indicate?

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S Many Marriages has got a London editor into trouble. William Parker Evans, who edits the Sporting Times, was sentenced to serve four months in prison and pay costs of £50 "for sending by post indecent print and publishing an obscene libel." The obscene matter appears to have consisted of extracts from the novel, which the writer of the review, Louis McQuilland, characterized as not even passionate, but cold as a laundry bill. The recorder, in his instructions to the jury, said that literary people lived in a world of their own, and that the jury were there not to protect literary people, but ordinary people who bought such newspapers on the bookstands. According to this, a jury would probably have to protect ordinary people from reading a paper that printed certain extracts from the Bible and from Shakespeare. That the review of Many Marriages was intended for ordinary people seems evident from its title: "The Naked Truth About an American Family."

THE Christian Science Monitor has lately been advocating a plan which was put forward some time ago by Bernard M. Baruch, and endorsed by President Harding on the tour which ended in his death. The proposal is that in the event of war capital should be conscripted just as men are. No one would make any profit out of war operations, and whatever the government needed it would command. The Monitor's discussion has drawn forth an amazingly frank protest from Mr. Fred I. Kent, vice-president of the Bankers' Trust Company of New York, who opposes any such plan and wants future wars conducted as in the past, with funds "obtained in a way that will disturb the business life as little as possible." He implies that the owner of wealth is distinctly less loyal than the common man, when he says that "the conscription of capital always results in capital running to cover in so far as is possible . . . All holders of capital . . . . would naturally do everything in their power to prevent conscription." "By a judicious combination of taxes and flotation of government securities," Mr. Kent avers, "governments can raise such funds as they require to carry on war far more effectively than if any system of conscription of capital were developed . . . . . It is quite a wrong notion to consider that a man who is killed or wounded is any better off because money has been taken away from those who have it . . . . . ."

MR. KENT, to be sure, is opposing only a straw man of his own creation. No one has suggested that the outbreak of hostilities should be the occasion for a seizure, complete and permanent, of the wealth of the nation. The plan merely provides that all non-military effort in war, the manufacture of munitions and equipment, the transportation and feeding of soldiers, etc., should be conducted without profit—in other words, that the civilian who hides at home and contributes to the military effort merely by continuing his comfortable existence, should not be paid more than the one who risks his life in the trenches for thirty dollars a month. Mr. Kent overlooks the fact that the proposal is not intended merely to to make war efficient but also to make it unpopular. While the degree to which the desire to make money aids in producing war is often overrated, it is of great importance; and the preservation of peace is made doubly hard as long as it continues to exist. The real belief which ordinarily lies behind such views as Mr. Kent's is that property has rights which are more sacred to its owners than is his life itself to the individual who has nothing else. Such has always been the point of view of most capitalists and has not infrequently been expressed in legislation. It is the fear that this system of preference will be altered which, whether they know it or not, dominates the opponents of the plan to lessen to some degree the inequality in the burden which war lays on the various classes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVOCATES of birth control won a notable victory the other day when Judge Fisher, of the Chicago Circuit Court, granted a petition for mandamus to compel the city authorities to issue a license for a birth control clinic. Of course the case may be taken higher, and there be reversed, or the clinic may be attacked by a criminal prosecution after it has been established. There is still a long fight ahead, as is evident from the argument presented by Chicago's assistant corporation counsel in opposition, which he backed by quotations from the Bible in favor of unlimited families. But this decision is a strong foothold at any rate, and marks the furthest legal point so far reached by the workers for birth control.

THE United States has taken one step toward restoring itself in the eyes of its Latin American neighbors which in recent years have grown distrustful of our policies, and with good reason, because of what we have done in the Caribbean and Central America and by our conduct in such international gatherings as the Pan-American Conference at Santiago, Chile, last March. Our State Department has just announced that it is ready to exchange with any Central or South American nation mutual commercial treaties providing for "most favored nation" treatment as regards tariffs. The action, to be sure, is the result of business acumen as well as diplomatic amiability. We export to these countries as well as import from them, and they are as able to impose drastic duties as we are. Nevertheless, the State Department's proposal is fair-minded, and based on justice in that it is offered all the Latin countries alike.

WHILE the United States is busy at Ellis Island keeping down its population increase, Frenchmen, with an eye to the future, continue to suggest ways of increasing theirs. Under the present law, children born in France of a French mother and a foreign father have the right to adopt his nationality when they come of age, and are hence exempt from conscription in the French army. Legislation has been started to change this law and so add about 30,000 more available conscripts every year. French women, under another proposed measure, would have the right to regain on application to the authorities the citizenship that they have lost through foreign marriages. The country which boasts the military domination of the continent at present will, if these bills pass, have converted one more of its potential resources into available form, doubtless under the theory that every little bit helps.

THE theory that your scientists are your true poets nowadays is well maintained by the content of the recent lectures by Dr. Niels Bohr of the University of Copenhagen, who has been in this country expounding his Nobel-prize-winning theories of the structure of the atom. Dr. Bohr reduces all matter to an ultimate basis of electricity by proving the electrical composition of the atoms which make up chemical elements. A normal atom consists of a nucleus or proton, positively charged, about which rotate negatively charged electrons, like planets about the sun. Though he stresses the analogy between atomic organization and the solar system, he also points out that the same laws do not apply to both, since the atom has a sort of elasticity or stability which the solar system lacks. Electrons can leave their orbits, assume new orbits about another proton, and then return to their former position in a way that planets cannot. Our solar system could not be "ionized," for instance, by the projection of Venus and Saturn into new orbits about Betelgeuse, without sensational dislocations of astral harmony. But the ability of electrons to pass from one proton to another, resulting in net positive or negative charges, is the basis of molecular combination and chemical action of light radiation and radioactivity. Such are the peculiarities of the human mind that persons who get excited about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Peter-Pan-like belief in fairies can read this sort of thing and then, with a yawn, pass on to the sporting news.

CONTROLLER CHARLES L. CRAIG of New York City is confronted, as we go to press, by the prospect of spending sixty days in jail, on order of Federal Judge Julius M. Mayer, for contempt of court. The contempt referred to was involved in a letter Mr. Craig wrote to Lewis Nixon, then Public Service Commissioner, complaining that Judge Mayer had denied to himself and other public officials information from original sources about the affairs of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, which was bankrupt and operating under a Federal receivership. Mr. Craig's statement, referred, it appears to Judge Mayer's failure to appoint him a co-receiver of the company; but the Judge, characterizing it as a misstatement which "obstructed justice" imposed the jail sentence. Mr. Craig carried the case to the Supreme Court on habeas corpus proceedings, lost, and must now apologize to the Judge, receive a pardon from President Coolidge, or serve his term. We hope he chooses the last-named course. He will survive the sojourn in jail; and the incident will then be most useful in calling attention to the steadily-growing tendency of the bench to invoke contempt proceedings in order to suppress criticism which to the layman seems to come easily within the limits of legitimate public discussion. An inquiry into the legal aspects has been ordered by President Coolidge, and a Congressional investigation of the whole matter is now promised. The latter will justify itself if it does no more than to point out clearly that the actions of a Judge are sacrosanct only in so far as is legitimately necessary to facilitate the operations of justice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. W. C. TEAGLE, President of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, in proving the low cost of gasoline at the present price, has figures to show that, measured by pounds and not in gallons, gasoline costs two and a half cents per pound to the consumer. "For that two and a half cents spent elsewhere you can get a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of flour, or three pounds of anthracite coal. You can see how cheap gasoline is in terms of other commodities." But cheapness of anything, reckoned by weight in terms of other commodities, can always be proved if a discreet choice is made in comparisons. The price of gasoline should be reckoned in terms of itself, of its supply and distributing costs. Other standards are equivocation.

Should Great Britain Break with France?

ONCE again the governments of Great Britain and France have avoided an open rupture of their alliance. They have avoided it by a narrow margin and at a very considerable expense; and neither government conceded anything of importance to the point of view of the other. On this occasion, however, the expense of keeping coöperation alive was paid chiefly by France. Italy and Belgium deserted her on the question of occupying more territory as they did on the question of an expert conference on Germany's ability to pay; and M. Poincaré considered it more prudent to postpone the execution of his plan of seizing additional "sanctions." For the moment a policy of moderation in the treatment of Germany has triumphed over a policy of increasing violence.

Various interpretations are attached to the episode. It is usually considered a proof of the superior wisdom of acting with France rather than without her. By acting with France her Allies prevented her from still further humiliating the pride of the Germans and violating their territory, as M. Poincaré would have infallibly done if he had enjoyed a free hand. This interpretation is true within limits, but surely it is not sufficient. For although the French yielded comparatively little in order to save the alliance, to obtain this strictly guarded concession the Allies of France had to exert their whole strength and to threaten her with isolation. In other respects French policy as regards Germany is still triumphant and is inexorably accomplishing its work of economic and social destruction.

The more adequate interpretation of the incident is in our opinion wholly different. It at least suggests that a government like that of Great Britain which wishes to defeat the French policy can only accomplish its object by refusing to coöperate as long as the policy is pursued. How futile for Great Britain to threaten an ultimate penalty like withdrawal merely in order to prevent the French from carrying a little further a policy which is already accomplishing its destructive objects with triumphant success! Ever since the French troops marched into the Ruhr the existence of the Entente has merely hampered the British government in opposing the execution of the French plan. It does not make very much difference now whether France occupies or does not occupy more German territory. She is already occupying enough of Germany to accomplish her own destructive purposes. And Great Britain, as long as she preserves the Entente, connives at the success of the French policy. If the British are utterly opposed to the French subjugation of Germany and intend to defeat it, they should have broken with France when she entered the Ruhr, and deprived the Germans of every vestige of security and independence. There was far more reason for threatening the break when M. Poincaré announced his intention of occupying the Ruhr than there was when he proposed merely to push the occupation a little further.

But it will be asked: what does Great Britain gain by breaking? Would not the rupture of the alliance merely emancipate French policy from all control and stimulate her government to indulge in still further excesses of overbearing and destructive violence? Would not M. Poincaré rejoice at the free hand which the British had granted to him and would not the Germans mourn? No doubt it is true that as a consequence of British withdrawal France would act more desperately and violently and the Germans at least for awhile would suffer still more severely. If Great Britain could by preserving the Entente prohibit the French from bleeding Germany white, certainly its preservation would be worth many sacrifices. But, as the British very well know, the Entente does not enable them to save Germany. Under the circumstances it permits France to frustrate British policy with respect to Germany, but it does not permit Great Britain to frustrate French policy. The French are accomplishing their vindictive object in spite of the existence of the Entente. The British, consequently, will lose nothing essential by breaking it. The question is: what will they gain?

They will gain three considerable advantages. They will free themselves from further responsibility for a huge amount of human suffering which they cannot actually prevent without a still more disastrous war. They will fasten the whole responsibility for the consequences of the French policy upon the shoulders of the French nation. Finally they will set up the British policy of conciliating and restoring Germany as the active opponent of and as a living alternative to the French policy.

This manifestly is the clear, the immense and the exclusive advantage of breaking. For if the British are right and the French policy is wrong in the sense of being disastrous, its consequences will in the long run be intolerable. When the consequences prove to be intolerable, it will have to be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

succeeded by an alternative policy. It is supremely important that its successor should be, not a more tolerable modification of a policy of overbearing violence but the opposite thereof—a policy of reconciliation and positive restoration. As long as the Entente continues in force, Great Britain admits an obligation, whenever the policy of violence breaks down, to accept some improved modification of it; and such an obligation is undesirable because Europe cannot recover security and prosperity until the French policy is actually reversed. The continuation of the Entente would secure to France the initiative in all subsequent negotiations. The British would have to act on the defensive. But if the British break and announce when they break that they will never sign any treaty and will never recognize and give legal sanction to the achievements of French violence, they will have started a diplomatic counter-offensive, which, after the results of the French policy are shown to be intolerable, will have established the opposite policy as the living alternative to it. The attempt to give reality to such an alternative will make the French more violent, but the more desperate and violent the French become, the more complete and irreparable will be their final collapse.

Surely a counter-offensive against France of this kind is not only practicable, but is now, as it was during the Peace Conference, the most effective way of testifying to a belief in the validity of the ideals of international justice and appeasement. If those ideals are ever to obtain an increased reality in the institutions of mankind, those who wish to try them out must have the same kind of faith in them as the French have in the opposite ideal of retaliation. They must believe that in a society which depends so much for the happiness of its members upon international and interclass coöperation, the vindictive nationalistic employment of supreme military power is no longer a tolerable foreign policy. If any nation has the force and the will to try it out, the way to discredit the experiment is to let it take its course, but explicitly to condemn and, if possible, to concentrate responsibility for the resulting calamity on the offending nation. Had Great Britain pursued this policy last January when France first occupied the Ruhr, she would hold a much stronger position today than she does. She had abundant reason at that time for pursuing it. The British believed the French policy to be illegal and therefore an act of military violence. They believed the French policy would result in an incalculable amount of political disorder, economic waste and human distress. The French themselves had broken the Entente by acting alone and in defiance of British disapproval. Nevertheless the British Cabinet did not break the Entente. Its attitude merely changed from one of joint responsibility for French policy to one of benevolent neutrality. It acted, that is, as if the French policy might succeed and as if it did not believe sufficiently in the counter policy of appeasement and restoration to risk British prestige upon the ability to make it prevail.

If this analysis is true, the question whether Great Britain should or should not break with France comes down consequently to a question whether the British people really believe the French policy to be cruel, vindictive and disastrous. If they do not believe it, or if they believe it only mildly, they can maintain the alliance with the intention and the probable result of ultimately helping France to incorporate some milder form of subjugation of Germany into the public law of Europe. On the other hand if they are sincere and determined in their opposition to the French policy they should repair their mistake of a year ago and disassociate themselves from France. But when they break, they should make it clear that the object of the break is constructive. They intend by abandoning the old Entente to make possible a substitute for it which will include in that understanding between France and Great Britain an independent and restored Germany, and a reconciled Russia and United States.

Making War on Children

So much is written and said nowadays about the politics of the German situation that it is easy to overlook the problem of human misery which is involved, and is rapidly becoming the gravest of all. A cablegram received last week by the American Committee for the Relief of German Children throws light upon this aspect of the matter. It is from the Berlin headquarters of the American Friends' Service Committee (the Quakers)—a source of unquestioned reliability—and says:

> The shortage of foodstuffs for children is increasing steadily owing to augmented unemployment and the rapidly increasing cost of materials. Five million people are without work and 1,500,000 are working short-time. . . . In September the price of foodstuffs equalled 200 per cent of the gold prices in peace times. Wages approximate 60 per cent of peace time, according to all reports of the various municipalities. Altogether 7,000,000 children are in urgent need of food. Most of them do not get any warm meals and bread at all, and are heavily undernourished and liable to tuberculosis. . . . The providing of milk for babies and small children is entirely unsatisfactory since the various towns obtain only one-tenth of the milk which they received in peace time. Babies obtain instead coffee and saccharine. The mortality rate of babies was during the past three months 21 per cent higher than last year, although the birth-rate in Berlin declined by 30 per cent. . . . Conditions in the occupied territory approach a catastrophe.

On a basis of surveys made within the past two or three weeks, the Friends estimate that about one-third of the people of Germany, or 20,000,000,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will be unable by their own efforts to obtain food enough for their needs this winter, and unless aided, will suffer a process of slow starvation. This will not necessarily be fatal in all cases, but will greatly increase the deathrate, both from starvation itself and from other diseases which attack those with lowered resistance. If the monetary situation should get worse, the proportion dependent on charity will be still larger.

To those who protest that the cafe and restaurant life shows there is plenty of food in Germany, the answer is twofold: first that they are wrong (the country is now able to produce only about sixty-five percent of its requirements) and second, what food this is, is badly distributed. The farmers refuse to exchange their produce for paper marks, and the government is too weak to compel them—even if, as Robert Morss Lovett observed in his article in the New Republic last week, "the system of private property could be expected suddenly to change its nature, and private capital to turn communist."

Germany at this moment is faced by a catastrophe at least as extensive as the Russian famine, and even more terrible, in that it is not the result of natural forces, but of man's inhumanity to man. American charity must again put its shoulder to the wheel. The Friends have undertaken to feed a minimum of 2,000,000 children through the winter, for which they will need at least $10,000,000. Major-General Henry T. Allen, the distinguished commander of the American forces on the Rhine, has taken the chairmanship of the committee, in courageous disregard of the sentiments of those hundred-percent Americans who believe that German children should be allowed to die because of acts committed by the despotic government of their country before most of them were even born. For decent citizens, there can be but one response to General Allen's observation that "America does not make war on children." It will be to send their checks (either direct to the Committee, at 19 West Forty-fourth street, New York, N. Y., or care of the New Republic), to send them at once, and to send as much as they feel they ought to, remembering that these are life-saving dollars, and that every five of them means a child.

American Labor's Program

NOW that the smoke of the recent Battle of Portland has drifted away, and the booming offensive against the tiny Communist forces has scattered them from the vicinity of the American Federation of Labor, it is possible to discern other achievements of the convention. One of these, the passage from the report of the Executive Council on Industry's Manifest Duty, though it is not in the least dramatic, has a significance seldom attained by pronouncements of organized labor in this country.

It has long been the practice for disinterested friends of labor, and for the more radical members of the movement itself, to criticize Mr. Gompers and other leaders of the trade unions almost as severely as the most virulent open-shop advocate. Much of this criticism is directed against intolerance on the part of the official labor leaders to any faction or idea outside their limited circle. Much of it is caused by genuine differences in opinion about political action, amalgamation, and the like. It is frequently said that the American unions have no goal beyond immediate improvement of wages and hours, that they are not alive to the larger needs of industry or of their members.

Those more intimately acquainted with trade union affairs have long been conscious that such criticism is not entirely just. The exclusiveness of the union leaders, however unwise it may be in the long run, is largely due to a knowledge of the necessity for discipline in a big and unruly movement which has in the past often come to disaster by following strange gods. Better wages and hours are not to be sneered at as the basis of a finer civilization, and it is not fair to overlook the emphasis laid by unions on working rules and practices, which in their thousand details make up an impressive code of industrial law, a protection of the freedom of the employee, achieved by democratic means. As to the failure to declare a program, that has been due not so much to any lack of basic philosophy on the part of Mr. Gompers, as to his pragmatic temperament which profoundly distrusts general formulae, short-cuts to Utopia, political incompetence, and resounding pronouncements which may distract energy from the day by day tasks of an effective organization.

It can no longer be said, however, that the official labor movement is without a comprehensive expression of its aims. The passage on industry's duty begins with a declaration that "the hour has struck for a pronouncement of the aims of labor that shall more nearly express the implications of trade unionism." The war threw into "bold relief the inadequacy of existing forms and institutions." The labor movement must henceforth be something more than the organization of groups for the advancement of group interests. Its goal is to be "enlightened participation in a democracy of industry whose purpose must be the extension of freedom, the enfranchisement of the producer as such, the rescue of industry from chaos, profiteering and purely individual whim, including individual incapacity, and the rescue of industry also from the domination of incompetent political bodies."

Industry is now characterized by a "muddling conflict of groups," and as a consequence there is an increasing pressure to regulate or take it over on the part of the political state. Political control,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

however, has made and could only make matters worse, because it is external and inept. The national life is becoming more and more industrial and economic. "The decisions that most vitally affect the intimate daily lives of the people are the decisions that are made in industry, in the workshops and factories, in the mines and mills, in the commercial establishments, on the railroads and in the counting rooms." The "organized functional elements in industry will find easy of solution those problems to which politicians now turn their attention in futility." The fact that industry is not ordered, democratic, and capable of good service has brought about "that legislative monstrosity known as the Sherman anti-trust law," the abuse of the injunction in labor disputes, the Kansas Industrial Court, and a multitude of negative, hampering boards and commissions.

If industry is to become ordered, there must be less struggle among industrial groups, and more collaboration and legislation by industry for itself. There must be an extension of the industrial franchise, with a consequent development of "a sense of responsibility and orderliness and justice." Labor is ready to cooperate, but is frequently driven to passive resistance by "the glaring fact that the industrial destinies of the country have thus far been finally in the hands of one group in the nation's industrial organization."

Exclusive control by owners of investment or dispensers of credit is continually used "for purely exploiting, profiteering, speculative and wasteful purposes." "The operation of industry for the dominant purpose of producing private profit has led to a multitude of abuses. It has produced all the evils of autocracy because it is autocratic." The end of this confusion must come soon, and "industry must organize for service" or political bureaucracy will descend upon it, an eventuality which would be "the final mark of incompetency to manage an industrial civilization."

What is the means of salvation? "Fact must take the place of opinion and selfish interest. To function must be the object, and democratic participation of all who give service must be the mechanism that makes this possible." And as an immediate step, "we commit ourselves to greater efforts in the organization of all workers." The farmers are urged to hasten the development of their economic organizations. "Who can foresee the full effect and significance of the more perfect organization and coming together of those in the engineering profession, those engaged in management, those who give service in clerical capacities, those who labor in the many fields of productive effort?" This end is visualized as organized industrial democracy. Industry would be planned and would function for service not as a machine set in motion by a few at the top, but as a growing thing of abundant life, vitalized in all its many parts by the spontaneous and interrelated group control of those who work in it.

There is, of course, a good deal of vagueness in this pronouncement. In just what form is the "coming together" to happen? How is the profit motive to be subordinated, under a legal system which intrenches it, without political action or an incredible conversion of the owners of property? Who is to enforce, and how, the legislation which may be adopted by industrial assemblies? But the asking of such questions cannot disguise the fact that in many respects Mr. Gompers is much more intimate with reality in his industrial program than most of his critics. Certainly no sweeping political reform such as is proposed by the Socialists would have a truly regenerative effect without such a development as is here set forth. The life of industry is not outside it but inside. Industry is not simple but manifold; its growth and tendencies can be determined in the long run only by those who operate it. If industry is to be well ordered, it must be ordered by those who know it intimately, and only by them through the process of some elaborate form of coöperative constitutionalism.

This is a paper program, which is not well understood by the rank and file, and is not inspired by any conscious resolution on their part. Nevertheless it may be more practicable than many a widely mouthed set of slogans. Obviously it is not improvised for an occasion, but is in harmony both with Mr. Gompers's previous position and with the natural tendencies of trade unionism. Though having points of similiarity with syndicalism or guildism, it is far more tentative and hospitable toward such movements as consumers' coöperation and even toward private enterprise. The bolder outlines of other programs may prove to be defects in that they leave less for the irrepressible forces of creative social life to do. After we have learned more from psychologists about the importance of habit patterns as compared with single acts of will, after the industrial engineers have developed a higher technique of administrative efficiency, and after we have considered more carefully the failures of political government as we know it, we may be forced to admit that in many respects Mr. Gompers is the tortoise and his radical critics impetuous and improvident hares.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1923, IN THE U. S., BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING CO., INC., 421 WEST 21ST ST., NEW YORK.
HERBERT CROLY, PRES. ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREAS.
DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
ALVIN JOHNSON R. M. LOVETT STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY R. H. TAWNEY
DAVID FRIDAY H. N. BRAILSFORD LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Congress

THIS session of Congress may be expected to provide Senator Norris with another and striking argument for his proposal that members of Congress be seated immediately after the elections. The Senator has relied chiefly on the point that the long interval before new members take their seats denies full and prompt expression of the will of the people. When this session is over, he probably will be able to make the point that after the off-elections the long interval brings the members so close to the presidential election that they are no good when they finally go to work.

For this session promises a maximum of thunder and lightning and a minimum of rain. Nearly everybody in each group in Congress is thinking easily and naturally in all his waking hours of the presidential fight; only by deliberate and painful effort is it possible to think of aught else. The best men in each group, those who sincerely try to subordinate interest in the great national sporting event to efforts at wise legislation, see little or no prospect of appreciable accomplishment. To the normal demoralization, if that expression may be used, always caused by the approach of the presidential contest, is added disintegration of the responsible Republican majority; but, in turn, the processes of disintegration are hastened by the election preliminaries.

Rarely in our history has the majority party, after only two years of responsibility, suffered such decay in Congress as has come upon the Republicans as they go into this winter's work. As this is written, shortly before Congress is to assemble, Washington observes this spectacle:

First, Lodge, Smoot, Curtis and other such Old Guard leaders shun suggestions that the taxation question be opened, lest the Radicals, Progressives and Democrats run away with the tax schedules, pass a bill of new schedules of popular appeal, and force President Coolidge into a veto that would be dangerous in next year's campaign. Then, Lodge, Smoot, Curtis, et al, hesitantly edge into line behind the Mellon tax reduction proposals, under pressure from the East. And finally, Lodge, Smoot, Curtis, et al, with hats in hand, appeal to conservative Democrats in the name of all the pious images of politics, to stand with them against the "wild men" when taxation is reached—thereby adding enormously to the joy of existence for those Democrats who were in Congress in 1919 and 1920.

The preliminary manoeuvering on the House side in the two weeks preceding the meeting of Congress reveals the kind of condition that has brought terror to the Old Guard leaders. Of the three distinct groups in the scant Republican majority in the House the smallest is the La Follette bloc, so-called Radicals, while the largest in the Old Guard following. In the centre is the Progressive group from the Middle West, which has been prodded into unexpected activity by a lively appreciation of what the voters at home are saying. The Radicals and the Progressives, treading separate paths, have demanded increased representation on committees, including the Republican steering committee and the Rules committee—the demands as to these latter two committees being caused chiefly by desire to guard against being gagged. The Old Guard, compelled to grant the greatly augmented Democratic membership a larger percentage of representation on the committees, fears that if it yields to the demands of the Radicals and Progressives it will be confronted about the first of the year by adverse majorities, composed of Democrats, Radicals and Progressives, on such committees as Ways and Means, Banking, and Inter-State Commerce. If it refuses, it has been told that it will not be allowed to organize the House, and the country will have a front-page story for an indefinite time, with the regulars in the rôle of helpless victim.

What to do? The first and obvious thing would be to outbluff the "wild men," but for the fact that the "wild men" seem to have the best bluffers. The second would be to surrender and make the best bargain possible. But neither alternative means safety, either simply postpones the coming trouble.

In the Senate, also, the Republican majority is destroyed as a responsible agency by defections shading through Progressives to Radicals. There, too, the Old Guard meets its dangers with leadership composed of weary, plodding elders. A burly crew has come in from the West and Northwest to be led by La Follette, probably the ablest politician now in the Senate—a crew long kept underfoot and consequently dreaming of planting hobnailed boots on aristocratic Senatorial necks. Between that crew and the Old Guard is a group of milder dissenters, typed by Capper, who are marked by what the Old Guard considers the damnable trait of not being "dependable."

What may be expected from the White House? If a resolute, masterful man were there, he might be a host in himself for the Old Guard. But Washington has just seen a Secretary of the Treasury submit tax reduction proposals involving about one tenth of the annual budget, exclusive of postal finances; and it has seen the submission of these proposals followed by a sea of speculation as to whether the President of the United States stood behind his Secretary of the Treasury. It has listened eagerly for days to tidbits of gossip about

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the President's talking with one politician or another and veering slightly this way or that. There are political dogmatists who maintain that a powerful leader will be revealed when the Coolidge message to Congress is read, and that the leader will reform the lines of his party; but in the meantime the mind in the White House has been unplumbed and unplumbable for weeks on taxes, railroads, tariff, farmers, World Court and everything else.

Plainly, the responsible Republican majority is in an unprecedentedly poor situation to execute ideas in legislation this winter. Will it have any ideas?

The regulars in Congress certainly will have none, because the approaching election has paralyzed them. Their own plans as to taxes, were to attempt nothing; their plans as to the tariff, were to stand pat; their plans as to the railroads, were to juggle tentatively with various suggestions of Senator Cummins, which might or might not placate one class or another of their critics; their plans as to the farmers, were to hide; and their plans as to international questions, were to ask the Lord to have mercy on their souls. So, if there are to be ideas, they must come from the shadowy vale of uncertainty at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

If the Republican regulars are in poor shape to execute their ideas, if any, what shall be said of the Republican Progressives? They may back the regulars angrily into a corner and force concessions in the selection of committees, and thus win important strategic advantages. But they still will be far short of control. To achieve any end, they must combine with some other group. The product of any combination they might make with the regulars probably would be sterile. The product of any combination they might make with the Radicals and Democrats probably would be largely on the terms of the latter groups, and very likely the regulars would bury it under obstructions or cause it to be vetoed.

Moreover, it may fairly be asked, whether the Progressives know with reasonable exactness what ends they seek? Their talk about taxation is indefinite and dull; their talk about railroads is hesitant and has to do mainly with Section 15-A, the rate-making clause of the Transportation Act and not with any basic theories; their talk about the tariff is confused; their talk about the farmers emphasizes evils rather than remedies. The simple truth is that the mildly dissenting Republicans are rather a dreary lot, and unless some man like Borah, who is feeling his way somewhat uncertainly at the moment, gets a few ideas into concrete shape and puts them forward ready-made, the Progressive group, while able to make an abundance of trouble for the regulars, will flounder helplessly whenever affirmative responsibility presents itself.

The Radicals, of course, really have no hope of accomplishing anything important, although La Follette refuses to be pessimistic. Scared as the regulars are, they are not yet ready to make way for the projects of the La Follette following, and they are able to block them in one way or another. Such schemes as taxation of undistributed dividends, increases in the inheritance taxes, and other forms of heavier levies on the great aggregations of wealth are not fit subjects for compromise, in the Old Guard mind. Neither are schemes to reduce railroad valuations by making actual investment the valuation rule; and schemes to repeal the whole Transportation Act, thereby throwing out of the regulatory system the rate-making clause, the federal control over intra-state rates, the labor sections, and the larger freedom given the railroads to coöperate at the expense of the competitive principle upon which La Follette continues to insist.

As for the Democrats, there is in fact but one plank in their platform for the winter, and that is to do all in their power to aid the Republicans—Old Guard, Progressives and Radicals—in making the most of their troubles. The Democrats are in the mood of the husband who remarked to his wife when she slipped on the ice: "Be careful, darling, or you'll break your damned neck!" If all the demagoguery of the Democrats, of which there is plenty, were stripped away, there would appear as the prevailing sentiment in domestic affairs a progressivism that would average somewhere between the mildly dissenting Republican Progressives and the Republican Radicals. And there are men among the Democrats who have ideas and are sincere.

But the Democratic party has no intention of going through the pain of reducing its sentiments to the concrete in a genuine program. Their tax proposals will be intended primarily to make trouble for the Republicans. They will talk their regulation stuff on the tariff, they will play around the railroad question, they will tinker with the farmers' relief proposals, and they will toy with various other questions as they arise, but as a party they will be laggard in making contributions calculated to bring relief to any troubled elements in the country. In short, the Democrats will play the game the Republicans played in the last two years of Wilson's administration.

With the Republican majority torn into three parts, the largest terrorized, the second dull and groping, the third bellicose but futile, and with the Democrats concentrated on sabotage, what can result, save head-on collision? Sheer chance, some concatenation of circumstances, as Cleveland used to say, may bring out of this session some important legislation, or may defeat some legislation on which all apparently are agreed, such as the bonus. But the chances seem all the other way.

JOHN W. OWENS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four Poems by Carl Sandburg

Without Notice Beforehand

The frozen rain of the first November days
came down without notice beforehand
the same as the wind and the frost
loosening the leaves of the buckeye tree,
dropping a yellow rain of flat swirling leaves,
all without notice beforehand, came down,
the same as the far hiding out of lady bugs,
woggle bugs spotted black polka dots
on box car red, on banana yellow,
the same as this going away of the bug families
all went on without notice beforehand.

Under a hedgethorn tree the bugs got together,
families from many directions; they dappled
the dark soil and made a red weather
of the Indian summer afternoon among thorns;
if a man should live a day for every bug
with a paint of box car red, a lamp shade red
on his back, a man would live many years
counting a day for a bug under the Indian summer
hedgethorn afternoon; the farmers husked their
corn in old fashioned Studebaker wagons;
the cream and gold corn ears sent a shine
between the green wagon boards, over the tops
of the green wagon boards; so the bug families
held a pow wow, making a red weather
among thorns in sun patches of Indian summer;
it seemed to be all in a bug family lifetime
coming as it did with no warnings ahead,
no shadow line to tell how soon or late
the frozen rain of the first November days,
coming without notice beforehand.

The buckeye built itself a house of gold and black,
the green leaf roof, the green leaf walls of summer
belted their eaves with bucklers of gold,
changed their arches and let the rich glooms
of the black inside rafters play out;
the shine was loam crossing its heart with gold,
the running out of russet and cream yellow
on the loam black of the forks of the branches
was a sign of summer people leaving
the house the buckeye built itself; and this too
came with no warnings ahead, no shadow line
of the frozen rain of the first November days
coming without notice beforehand.

Joke Gold

It arose with him as a joke,
His saying so often with a mystical gesture
Known to all as a joke,
"There's gold in them hills, Jack."
All of us laughed and he laughed most
At the comic illusion of gold hunters
Picking hills to gamble in, with
Hopes and shovels, burroes and frying pans,
The yellow shine of the high lure
Overlying life's high points.
It was all there in his sudden interjection,
"There's gold in them hills, Jack."
His wife, his other women, his new jobs
One after the other, his swaggering neckties,
Sport shirts, and allusions to men with fat
Checkbooks he lunched with chummily,
It all tied in with his always saying
Gold lay in hills beyond, joke gold
In joke hills to be made into real gold
In real hills for wishing, for only enough
Wishing—it was all in his voice when he
Went away and was never heard from again,
Stepping on the outbound train west
Saying, "Gold in them hills, Jack."

Let Them Ask Your Pardon

Child, what can those old men bring you?
If they can bring you a new handful
Absolutely warm and soft as summer rain,
Let them ask your pardon and do it soon.
Otherwise, why are they old?
Otherwise, why should they look at you
And carry assumptions in their old eyes
And speak such words as "ig-no-rance"
And "wis-dom"—let them ask your pardon
Showing you how summer rain is an old pal
Of the wriggle of the angleworm,
The flip of the muskalonge,
And the step of the walking rain
Across the prairie. If the old men, child,
Tell you no stories about rockets,
Shooting stars, horses of high ranges,
Let them ask your pardon, excuse themselves,
And go away.

Moon Hammock

When the moon was a hammock of gold,
And the gold of the moon hammock kept changing
Till there was a blood hammock of a moon—
And the slow slipping down of it in the west,
The idle easy slipping down of it
Left a bridge of stars
And marchers among the stars—
That was an evening, a calendar date,
A curve of lines in an almanac.
People said it was an hour in September or April.
The astronomers stood at the mirror angles
Putting down another movement of the moon
The same as so many other movements of the moon
Put down in the big books of the regular watchers
Of the moon. This is the way things go by.
The gold hammock of a moon changes to blood,
Slips down, leaves a bridge of stars, marchers, almanacs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Page of Sonnets

New England

Born where the wind is always north-north-east
And children learn to walk on frozen toes,
Intolerance tells an envy of all those
Who boil from birth with such a lyric yeast
Of love that you will hear them at a feast
Where demons would appeal for some repose,
Still clamoring where the chalice overflows
And crying wildest who have drunk the least.

Passion is here a soilure of the wits,
It seems, and Love a cross for them to bear;
Joy shivers in the corner where she knits
And Conscience always has the rocking-chair,
Cheerful as when she tortured into fits
The first cat that was ever killed by Care.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

Unwilling Admission

Here is the deep admission, whose profound
And difficult verity is out of reach
For loose adventure and impatient speech;
How, lying on your heart, I have not found
Treason nor failure in its mortal sound:
It is not necessary to beseech
A bodily vow to bind us each to each
Whose veins are rooted in heroic ground.

In such uncounted piercing of your side
Some river in heaven overbrimmed and broke,
And your least courage wore a lion's pride:
No several hammer of your pulses spoke,
Save to affirm, "The brave have never died."
Though you and I must die at every stroke.

ELINOR WYLIE.

A Finger or a Whisper

The sky is open, deep and clear and blue,
No surly temper, rain or wind, betrays
A finger or a whisper, mars the hue,
Or darkens, breaks or crooks the earth's green praise;
The ether consecrates white festivals
Of calm and lassitude, and weary days
Hobnob in streets and alleys; leisure calls
On men to give their labor holidays:

Slow arms unloosen selves from slavery,
Reach out and find an unaccustomed friend
In some strange eye with time for bravery
To try the blue and give the black an end;
Dark men who sat with hatred, sit with ease,
Ready to hand their knives to enemies.

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

Portrait

(*To Evelyn Scott*)

Your eyes are candid . . . but they sheathe a light,
A ray, unbroken, of vast distances,
That wear no shadow on their nakedness,
Save the recurring shadow of the night;
And like those shapes that wheel in torpid flight
Above some steaming shambles of the waste,
O merciless and yet defenceless one,
You range . . . a living target for the sun.

No furtive move of palpitating thing
Eludes you—avid, questing without haste—
No feint of life, that covers up her wry,
Illicit children, nor the fragile wing
Of death . . . arisen in a jewelled fly . . .
Evades the cold extortion of your eye.

LOLA RIDGE.

Invasion

Here once a timid lady bore her heart
Among tall flowers along these careful ways,
And in this plotted garden, walled apart,
Tended as carefully her careful days.
And never in the sun or wind, they say,
But always when the dusk was dim and cool,
She walked among these things, as cool as they,
As delicate and frail—and beautiful.

Life came no nearer to this lady's ears
Than rumorous streets that ran beyond the wall;
And the long winds went over, and the years,
And left no tale to tell of her, at all,—
Until a stranger entered at the gate . . .
Now, weeds have pierced the paving-stones, of late.

DAVID MORTON.

Santa Fé

Among the automobiles and in a region
Now Democratic, now Republican,
With a department-store, a branch of the Legion,
A Chamber of Commerce and a moving-van,
In spite of cities crowding on the Trail,
Here is a mountain-town that prays and dances
With something left, though much besides may fail,
Of the ancient faith and wisdom of St. Francis.

His annual feast has come. His image moves
Along these streets of people. And the trees
And kneeling women, just as they did before,
Welcome and worship him because he proves
That natural sinners put him at his ease,
And so he enters the cathedral-door.

WITTER BYNNER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Autumn Nights

I.

Arcturus in Autumn

When in the gold October dusk I saw you near to setting,
  Arcturus, bringer of spring,
Lord of the summer nights, leaving us now in autumn,
  Having no pity on our withering;

Oh then I knew at last that my own autumn was upon me,
  I felt it in my blood,
Restless as dwindling streams that still remember
  The music of their flood.

There in the thickening dark a wind-lashed tree above me
  Loosed its last leaves in flight—
I saw you sink and vanish, pitiless Arcturus,
  You will not stay to share our lengthening night.

II.

Foreknown

They brought me with a secret glee
  The news I knew before they spoke,
    And though they hoped to see me riven,
    They found me light as red leaves driven
  Before the storm that splits an oak.

For I had learned from many an autumn
  The way a leaf can drift and go—
    Lightly, lightly, almost gay,
    Taking the unreturning way
  To mix with winter and the snow.

III.

Never Again

Never again the songs that blew as brightly
  Off of my heart as foam blows off a wave;
Never again the music that so lightly
  Caressed my grief and healed the wounds it gave;

Never again—I hear my dark thoughts clashing
  Sullen and dull as waves that beat a wall—
Age that is coming, summer that is going,
  All I have lost, or never found at all.

IV.

Frost

I shall have winter now, and lessening days,
Lit by a smoky sun with slanting rays,
And after falling leaves, the first determined frost;
The colors of the world will all be lost.
So be it; the faint buzzing of the snow
Will fill the empty boughs,
And after sleet-storms I shall wake to see
A glittering glassy plume of every tree.
Nothing shall tempt me from my firelit house,
And I shall find at night a friendly ember
And make my life of what I can remember.

SARA TEASDALE.

"What Porridge Had John Keats"

Shaper of gold, in what mine of amazement
  Dug you the metal Time's acid eats not?
Whence were the tests of your cunning appraisement—
  Whispered from darkness and never forgot?
What was the mystery hid in the flame?
  Had you your greatness in real prevision?
  Spread you your wings for the pundits' derision—
Babbling that beauty and truth are the same?

Some, supercilious, grant, as in pity,
  Gaze to your treasure-house, blinking to see
Starry great chalices, saying, "They're pretty."
What had they said when the fluxion was free?—
Gold of the vein without trace of alloy!
  Some of us agonize, some of us fake it:
  Is it a wonder we never quite make it?
What was your secret, incredible boy?

Silversmith, casting the nymphs and the dragons,—
  Artisan clever in gilding or glass,
Hark to the tinkle of delicate flagons!
  Hark to the roar of the vessels of brass!
Potter, with hands on your requisite clay,
  Tell of its uses, and we shall believe you;
  Still shall the custom of patrons deceive you,
Dreaming your wares are for more than today.

We that are given to problems alchemic,
  When the brain's crucible glows at the core,
Frown to find genius is non-epidemic,
  Grieve that its riddle is not in the ore.
Wanton of rule flows infinity's rhyme:
  Who shall protest when he sees the conclusion?—
  Gold of the ingot and slag of the fusion!
Gold of your star on the heavens of Time!

GEORGE STERLING.

Two Poems by Amy Lowell

Fugitive

Sunlight,
Three marigolds,
And a dusky purple poppy-pod—
Out of these I made a beautiful world.
Will you have them—
Brightness,
Gold,
And a sleep with dreams?
They are brittle pleasures certainly,
But where can you find better?
Roses are not noted for endurance,
And only thirty days are June.

Exercise in Logic

I gave you a picture once,
A great crimson sun floating beside a gnarled bamboo.
The sun has faded;
For which reason, I think nothing of the painter,
Until I reflect that many pigments cannot bear the dazzle
    of excessive light.
For, my Dear, have you not sat opposite it daily?
I ask you, is there truth in this?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doctor Mohawk

Inscribed to Ridley Wills

I.

Being a seven-year old boy's elaborate memory of the day of his birth.

You can tell any Englishman, the next time you see one
Thus much of my undressed, delicate history:—
I am no Anglo-Saxon. I am more of a mystery.
As I woke in this world, singing and tingling,
There were rumors in Springfield of a scandalous changeling
Of a changeling who came with Fauntleroy curls.
In through the window a sea-mustang brought me.
I was tied to his back. I do not know who caught me.

Up from the Gulf, up the great Mississippi
On the Tenth of November (the hail-storm was nippy)
Up the slow, muddy Sangamon River—
(While we heard the towns cough, and we heard the farms shiver)
The high wave rolled on. We heard the crows squawk.
We rolled through Oak-Ridge. We saw Incubi walk.
We leaped the grave-mounds like a pack of blood-hounds
And destroyed or howled down Oak-Ridge Cemetery sounds,
Swept townward, a green-wave, a foam-wave, a moon-wave.
Up the night streets of Springfield, high tide in a cave,
Up to Edwards and Fifth street, and broke the front window-pane.
They thought we were cyclone and earthquake and rain.
We smashed the front door. We ramped by the bed's head.
On the wall-paper pattern, sea-roses bloomed red.

II.

Being my notion, as a ferocious small-boy, of my ancestral protection.

The porpoise was grandma, the Mohawk was doctor:—
Heap big-chief, the Mohawk, with eye like a tommyhawk,
Naked, in war-paint, tough stock and old stock,
Furious, swashbuckler, street-brawler, world breaker,
Plumed like an Indian, an American Dragon,
Tall as Sun-Mountain, long as the Sangamon.
Sire of the "Mohocks" who swept through old London,
(Too dirty for Swift and too wicked for Addison);
He was carver of all the old Indian cigar-signs,
Chief of all the wild Kickapoo doctors
And their log-cabin remedies known to our fathers.
Every river and state in the Indian tongue,
Every park, every town that is still to be sung;—
Yosemite, Cheyenne, Niagara! Wabash!
The pride of the U. S. A.—*that* is the Mohawk.
Strange as Chicago, vain like Chicago.
And I saw the wild Star-spangled Banner unfurl—
Above the tall Mohawk that no man can tame,
Old Son of the Sun-fire by many a name:—

When nine I would sing this yarn of the sea
To prove new fantastics were coming to me.

The Mohawk! the Mohawk! the Mohawk! the Mohawk!
Doctor and midwife! Ancestral protector!
Breathed Mohawk fire through me, gave long claws to me,
Told my father and mother they must soon set me free,
Told the dears I had lived with a pearl in the sea
For infinite years. Put the pearl by my curls.
(The Soul of America, that was the pearl).

It became a white eagle I could not understand.
And I saw the roof open, and I saw the clouds whirl,
And it flew to the skies, to a star-spangled land.
And I cried and held to my mother's warm hand
And the Mohawk said:—"Red man, the first trial is on!"
And the Mohawk said:—"Shame to you coward and mourner!"
For the Mohawk was gone. But my life was all planned.
As I wept with my mother and kissed and caressed her
The sibyl, the strange one, the white witch of May
She sang with girl-pride of her Spanish ancestor,
Conquistador! great-great-great-grandfather,
Giant Don Ivan, Quixotic explorer!
But I cried, and held hard to her ribs through the story,
For the Mohawk was gone. And gone was the glory.

(The Mohawk! the Mohawk! the Mohawk! the Mohawk!)
And I was a baby with nothing to say,
Though a Spanish ancestor makes excellent talk.
And I knew for my pearl I must hunt the long way
Through deserts and dooms, and on till today.

III.

One brief hour of grown-up glory on the Gulf of Mexico.

I met Doctor Mohawk while swimming this morning
Straight into the Gulf of Mexico Sun.
From that half risen sun, in the pathway of blood
Magnificent mischief now was a-borning:—
First:—I dived and brought up the cool dream of the pearl
As far from the Mohawk as peace from desire,
As far from the Mohawk as May from November,
As far from the Mohawk as snow is from fire.
Then a Mohawk arm lifted me out of the flood
And healed my sick heart where the thunder-winds hurl,
Cool were his foam fins, majestic his graces;

Then:—we swam to the sun through crystalline spaces,
As he spoke to me kindly, and yet with fine scorning—
For hunting for favors with rabbits or men.
He told me to think of my birthday again:—

How the sun is a Mohawk, and our best ancestor,
I must run to him, climb to him, swim to him, fly to him,
And laugh like a sea-horse, or life will grow dim:—

How only the Mohawks will greet me for brother.
(We will flourish forever, breaking the law)
They are laughing through all of the lands and the oceans,
And only great worlds make an Indian laugh.
They are singing and swimming their pranks and their notions,—
With poems and splendid majestical motions,
And they will stand by me, and save and deliver,
With the pearl near my heart, they will love me forever.
(An eagle, a girl, then a moon on the sand,
Whirling and singing, dancing and swimming,
An eagle, a moon, then a girl on the sand,
The soul of America, that is the pearl).

VACHEL LINDSAY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Railroad Union Efficiency

EVER since the railroads were turned back to private management after the war, their propaganda machine has been busy complaining of "labor inefficiency"—of the losses which they contend have been caused them by union rules and restrictive practices. First they presented a huge bill to the government on this score. Then, at the instance of the controlling group of anti-union executives, they engaged in a long guerrilla warfare with the shop unions in an attempt to escape the national agreements which embodied the rules. At the time of the wage hearings before the Railroad Labor Board which led to the shop strike of 1922, the National Industrial Conference Board presented a voluminous brief charging that the roads were in a serious financial condition on account of "labor inefficiency." Although the Conference Board is an association dominated by anti-union employers, and although its brief was a piece of special pleading for the railroad executives, it was received by the Labor Board as a representative of the public, and its charges were widely aired in the press. Then came the strike, with more statements of the same sort.

Fortunately we are now in a position to apply large tests of performance to such charges. While a majority of the prominent roads settled with the shop unions in September, 1922, and continued to observe their rules, a large number did not settle, but embarked on new labor policies of their own, under which they had virtual liberty to dictate shop practices as they saw fit. It is now possible to make illuminating comparisons between the two groups of roads.

The Interstate Commerce Commission publishes monthly financial and operating statistics for railroads having annual operating revenues of over $25,000,000. There are fifty-one such roads. In order to obtain two comparable groups, I have chosen ten of these roads which settled with the shopmen and ten which did not settle, thus obtaining a sample covering nearly half the larger systems. The choice of specific railroads was made without knowledge of what their respective records might show. The only objects governing the selection were (1) to include the more important systems of each group and (2) to make each group as representative of the country geographically as possible.

Each group contains two systems in the Ohio-Indiana-Allegheny region and three in the Great Lakes Region. The "settled" roads include two in the southern region and two in the northwestern, against one in each for the "non-settled" roads. The non-settled roads in turn contain one each in the central west and southwest regions. New England is represented by one non-settled road, and the Pocahontas region by one settled road.

It might be unfair to make statistical comparisons of one group of railways with another for any one time, no matter how careful the choice of the roads, since fundamental conditions differ on different systems. But it is enlightening to compare the improvement of one group of roads over a certain time with the improvement of another group in the same time. Two periods were chosen for measurement of financial improvement—the first nine months of 1922 and the first nine months of 1923. The prior period includes six months of normal operation and three months of strike conditions. It is fair to both groups. The second period includes nine months of operation this year, when it was claimed by all systems that the effects of the strike had worn off. For comparison of locomotive condition, August of both years has been chosen—August, 1922, being at the height of the strike, and August, 1923, being the comparable seasonal month of this year.

Let us begin by testing the improvement of locomotive condition. The carriers have during the past year made heroic attempts to repair their equipment. Of the ten settled roads, all had a smaller percentage of freight locomotives out of service for repairs this August than last. Of the ten non-settled roads, only six had improved their freight locomotive condition. The average of unserviceable freight locomotives for the ten union roads fell from 37.0 percent to 17.6. The average for the ten non-union fell only from 24.8 to 22.9. It appears to be true that the non-union roads were less affected by the strike and hence were better off last August than the union roads, but this observation only throws into bold relief the fact that this August the union roads were better off than the non-union. This is conclusive evidence that the physical performance of the union shops during the past year has been greater than that of the non-union shops.

How about the expense of the work? All roads have laid out large amounts for maintenance. The best way of judging maintenance expenses is not by absolute figures, but by the ratio which they bear to operating revenues. This ratio decreased for four of the settled roads between the first nine months of last year and the same period of 1923. It decreased for only one of the non-settled roads. The average percentage for the settled roads fell from 35.5 to 34.9; for the non-settled roads it rose from 36.6 to 38.0. For their smaller degree of locomotive improvement the non-union roads incurred a larger expansion of their maintenance expense.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The over-all financial test of railroad efficiency is the "operating ratio"—or the ratio of all expense to operating revenue. Of the ten roads which settled with the shopmen, eight improved their operating ratios between the two periods under consideration, and of the ten which did not settle, only four improved their operating ratios. The average percentages of expense to revenue for the settled roads were 79.2 in 1922 and 74.5 in 1923—a drop of nearly four points. The average percentages for the non-settled roads were 83.2 in 1922 and 82.8 in 1923—a drop of less than half a point.

The union roads which show improvement in all the above respects are important ones like the Baltimore and Ohio, New York Central, Michigan Central, Southern, and Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. Of the non-settled roads only one showed improvement in all respects—the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western. This carrier is dependent for a large part of its p s on the anthracite traffic, which was interrupted in 1922 by the coal strike and was abnormally large in 1923. Though the Pennsylvania improved its locomotive condition, its operating ratio and ratio of maintenance expense both rose. The Illinois Central, a non-settled road which was little affected by the shop strike, is worse off this year on all three counts. So are the New Haven, which was severely affected, the Northern Pacific, the Rock Island and the Missouri Pacific. The largest improvement of operating ratio among the settled roads was registered by the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie, which fell from 94.3 to 65.6, while the best of the anti-union group, the Wabash, fell only from 82.8 to 78.1. The Baltimore and Ohio, among the settled roads, reduced its percentage of unserviceable locomotives from 53.0 to 14.6, while the Pennsylvania, the best in this respect of the anti-union roads, fell only from 26.0 to 17.5.

It might be denied that such general figures prove conclusively that union shop workers are more efficient than men working under non-union conditions. But it can hardly be denied that since the strike the union roads have accomplished more work at a lower ratio of cost than the anti-union ones. Therefore, whatever the effects of union rules in the shops, such effects are certainly not an important handicap in the larger aspects of railroad operation and finance. The huge expense and social dislocation incurred by the anti-union railroad executives to get rid of "labor inefficiency" have not resulted in perceptible advantage in service or profits. In other words, railroad propaganda on this subject has been first-class buncombe.

GEORGE SOULE.

The Chemistry of Words

SCIENCE teaches us that the physical universe is an amazing complication of forces, locked at rest or leaping forth as sound and color, the slow smouldering of rust or the white script of lightning. But the impact of living words on a living brain is more complex, a chemistry for which we have no adequate symbols or formulas, but which we can see at work with its peculiar mists and colorings and precipitations wherever language moves with that perfect freedom which is an implicit acknowledgment of law.

It is in poetry then, poetry especially of the stricter forms, that we can best study the chemistry of words.

> By the tideless, dolorous inland sea,
> In a land of sand and ruin and gold.

There is only one word here that we might not easily pick out of the broken talk of the street corner, and yet where else can we turn in art or actual experience for such waste of the world's beauty? This is fundamentally a matter of humble syllables, of vowels open and closed, of four different combinations of the letters "d" and "l," of the audacious proximity of "land" and "sand," but, humble though they may be when spoken over the dinner table or read from a newspaper, here they are slow, far-gesturing, rich with a terrible romance.

"In a land of sand,"—the short, harsh "a's" are like the sinking of our feet in the rasping sand where no tide rises; and then the "ruin" and the "gold," long sweeps of the imagination, as long as those two long vowels. When we read these lines there is a sun behind us over the sea, an hour from the horizon, and barbaric pillars before us, carved and fretted by blown sands.

But there are desolations in nature more intimate, more "probable," not to be built upon by any wildness or daring of words.

> Gray, recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
> Standing stones on the vacant, wine-red moor.

Here we have no remote fantastic gold shaping itself before us in grandiloquent phrases. But we are not yet alone with the mere mood of nature, for in these lines also there is a fortuitous mystery; the cromlechs on the high English downs are a lure other than that of the earth itself. They are, or once were, of man's building; and man is at work also, with obvious skill, in the ordering of these syllables, in the two short "e's" in the first line, in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the alliteration at the beginning of the second line.

To write "The empty meadows blind with rain" is to see more simply and more intensely, to make the words less dear, less memorable, but more efficient. By no great flight of fancy we may say that there are no words in this line, only the rise of an autumnal farmland, and the sheeted rain stalking over it; which of course is in itself the last triumph of words, the last miracle of transformation and successful sacrifice.

> The sedge has withered from the lake
> And no birds sing.

What perfect negation is here! What silence as of fallen leaves, reflected scroll-work of branches! Too subtle for analysis, these naked lines are a renewal and enlargement of our consciousness, rather than a new beauty in themselves.

And yet the new beauties which words make of their own sounds, giving to man's senses what is not learned or borrowed of nature, are good of themselves and are not always more presumptuous than the framing or defining of a picture that makes memorable some delicate balance of cloud and hillside.

> Many and many a marvelous shrine,
> Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
> The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Although that, indeed, is presumption, a beautiful perversion of language haunting the mind like a loveliness seen in fever, it has its value in this study of the chemistry of words. It gives us definitely the reaction of syllable on syllable, the narrowing down of vowel sounds and consonants, the approach to the long "i" in "viol" and "violet," and its final capture and isolation in the last word. But there is no true image in these lines, for the mind stops, amazed, at the sound of the words.

There is something amateurish in this glorification of one function of words above all others, something vulgar; and our minds rebel even in the moment of their seduction. We cannot purge from our blood "the violet and the vine," but we can leap, as into free wind and air, to such lines as:

> Life like a dome of many-colored glass
> Stains the white radiance of eternity;

and if then we feel traitorous to those dear qualities of our speech that have been wrought upon so lovingly by so many minds, we can find them not lost but exalted in the words of this greater poet; we can note the bounded sweep of the word "dome," the contracted intricacies of "many-colored glass," and then the wider sweep, beyond measurement or gesture, of "stains the white radiance." Or if this comfort fails us we can turn to the greatest of all, the few lines or stanzas that are beyond analysis, and in them we can forget the need of comfort.

> Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills
> While the still morn went out with sandals gray.

That is the perfect chemistry, the re-creation of earth itself for all our senses. It relies on no conceit of words: the "sandals gray" are a tone in the air, a trick of the day's early light, any feature of that English dawn, but not to a sensitive ear an image or metaphor like "the silver-sandaled dawn" to which their origin has been ignorantly traced. Dawn itself, no symbol or personification of dawn, spreads over us in these two lines.

I have remarked a few of the many subtle reactions of word on word that are not altogether too quick or hidden for our eyes to follow; and we have shown also how beauty may spring most purely out of no apparent process of transformation. But this is almost entirely to neglect the cadences and variations within the strict metrical patterns, line pauses in beautiful conflict with pauses in sense, and rhyme that may be either an echo from far off or a weaving shuttle.

I have not pointed out how the homeliest phrases may become unaccountably noble by reflected light, by some stress imposed by the meter, some interval of rest prolonged. There are not many combinations of letters more homely in sound than these: "yet it is as though;" but a cadence, pausing in the midst of these same words, may make them the chief factor in giving beautiful form to a beautiful thought:

> Her hair is bright still, yet it is
> As though some dust were thrown on it.

I choose one more quotation, a rounded stanzaic unit to which a daring repetition of words gives a passionate intensity, and in the fourth line of which there is more of ice and mountain peak than in any other line of our language.

> And then the night fell dark, and all night long
> The pointed mountain pointed at the stars,
> Frozen, alert, austere; the eagle's song
> Screamed from her desolate screes and splintered scars.
> On her intense crags where the air is sparse
> The stars looked down; their many golden eyes
> Watched her and burned, burned out, and came to rise.

We can build no laboratory to study the chemistry of these words that touch both the life of nature and the imponderable consciousness of man. But once having felt their continuous energy, I think we must form them delicately on our lips thereafter, and hold them often in our minds in tender silence.

WILLIAM A. NORRIS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

[The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest, and especially concerning articles which have appeared in its columns. Those of 300 words or less are necessarily more available for publication than longer letters.]

A Defence of the Klan

SIR: I have read your article, Why They Join the Klan, with a great deal of interest. There are two outstanding reasons for the enormous growth of this order; first, about nine-tenths of the men and women of this country are Klansmen and Klanswomen and do not know it; all it takes to complete them is to go through the initiation and take the oath. And, second, advertising; persistent, effective advertising.

The Klan should not be classed as a political party as you suggest, when it is plain to be seen that they are the finest advertisers in the country. And the advertising—untold millions of dollars worth—has not cost one penny. We know that the great newspapers employ astute men to guard against the wiles and schemes of the press agents; yet all the efforts of all the press agents who ever lived are as nought compared with the gigantic press agent scheme the Klan has worked on them. They have swallowed the bait, sinker and line.

In this town of about two hundred thousand, it is safe to say that had the Klan spent ten million dollars for paid advertisements in the two local papers and the Scripps daily, the results would be inconsequential compared with the persistent, front page knocking of these three newspapers. It is the same thing, all over the country. This talk about ignorance, bigotry, cruelty, whippings and all the rest, is mere propaganda of these same gratuitous advertisers of the Klan. The anti-Klan propaganda is about as reliable as Russian, Open Shop and other paid propaganda. No doubt there have been Klansmen at these various whipping parties. (And let me say that in every case of a whipping, when the facts are sifted, most anybody would say that he got what was coming to him.) Likewise, out on the plains, where I was raised, every time a horse thief or cattle rustler was summarily lynched, there were men in the parties who were members of the well known secret orders, members of the churches, men whose lives and opinions were worth something in their respective communities.

The Klan is not in politics. It is not anti-anything, excepting anti-wrong. It does teach, however, that in politics no account is to be taken of expediency, but, rather, let the best man win. It is claimed that every officer of the city and county of Dallas is a Klansman; yet our county commissioners have spent millions of dollars of road and other money without a whisper of graft. The city is enjoying the most efficient and economical government it has had during my thirty years' residence.

It is my opinion that within a short time it will be impossible for a man to be elected to any important office in the United States if he is opposed by the Klan. For the Klan is one hundred percent American; it is trying to bring us back to the faith of our fathers, who founded this government. Had the principles of the Klan actuated the heads of the governments we would not have had the ghastly war; further, if the teachings of the Klan were followed by those who hold the destinies of the world in the hollow of their hands, we would not know that now, today, there are millions of innocent men, women and children starving in Germany and other war-swept countries. Political expediency and fear of what the voters will think, is the curse of the world today. C. M. RORK.

Dallas, Texas.

The Carvers of Oberammergau

SIR: The Passion Players of Oberammergau are sending a few of their chief actors to New York in December. If they were coming to give their Passion Play in America, they would earn, not only fantastic wealth for their tiny village, but columns of criticism. But their traditions, built on an ancient vow to Heaven, are of such a sort that they cannot sell their Play. Much more than thirty pieces of silver would be the price of betrayal to these simple devout people of Oberammergau.

Hunger and want have grown each month more pressing in the eighteen months since this company of seven hundred village players rehearsed, in 1922, the passion of Christ. But still there has been no weakening of purpose to protect "their heritage." With them the Play must be inviolate.

They come, therefore, as potters and carvers. They bring their wares, much as their old Kraxen peddlers, with their curious little ladderlike racks upon their backs, carried crude toys and crucifixes to far lands, to gather money, in the workaday years between the great Tenth Years—except that these men, through the long centuries, have acquired an admirable technique and bring products of great beauty.

Without this exhibition of these works fashioned for America, the Play and the Players may not live to see the next Tenth Year; for Oberammergau depends upon her Arts—lying too high in the Alps to feed her people from her soil. We should see to it that Oberammergau is not left to perish—that the shadow does not fall upon these men, who are also carpenters.

LOUISE HERRICK WALL.

New York City.

Tax and Educate

SIR: Your readers are, I am sure, all grateful to you for the wonderfully enlightening supplement to your issue of November 7, on The High School. I write not only to express my sense of obligation, but to point out what strikes me as a singular instance of false reasoning in the able article of Mr. Charles H. Judd on the cost of our secondary system of education. He says:

> I believe that the first problem is to secure general recognition of the fact that higher education does not rapidly produce real property and that it is hazardous to try to support high schools by levying the costs as a tax on real property only. Higher education reflects itself most promptly and effectively in increased incomes. An income tax is the natural and only adequate source of support for higher education. The present difficulty in meeting the increased costs of schooling can be removed only by an income tax.

Of course, *all* taxes must be paid out of income. Land does not yield money as it does crops. The important question is whether the tax, to support our high schools, shall come out of earned incomes, or out of unearned incomes. Apparently Mr. Judd would exclude the latter, the very source to which we must and ought to look—for he says that higher education does not produce real property. But increased population and industrial activity do make for increased land values. Every child in a community, with its manifold wants, adds to the site values of the land occupied by the community. Perhaps the acute problem of providing the means for carrying on the higher education of our young people will be the means of bringing about a juster system of taxation than now prevails. The American people will never recede from the course they have taken with reference to secondary education as shown by your symposium, though doubtless we may look for great reforms in the system. The argument that "it is not the duty of the public to provide higher education because advanced training is more to the advantage of the individual, than to the advantage of the community" entirely loses sight of the now generally accepted theory of society as an organism. The healthier the cells, the stronger the body. PERCY WERNER.

St. Louis.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Things

BOOKS in which American society is criticized by some anonymous foreigner, genuine or homegrown, appear to have gone out of fashion. They were plentiful twenty-five or thirty years ago. In one of them I remember a dinner in Chicago, where the author sat next a woman "who had much to say of Plato, and had never heard of an English author named Peacock."

Peacock has always lived in this kind of solitude. He still profits by it. Nobody studies him. He does not attract readers who like to acquire merit by seeing deeper than their neighbors into the millstone. Everything except his references and allusions to forgotten things is as crystal clear as Mr. Santayana says everything in his own books is to the ladies. Nobody, so far as I know, has ever pretended to like Peacock. His unconstrained and leisurely readers have only one touch of affectation, viz., inability to remember when they made his acquaintance. "Peacock? Why, I have always known him," is what they answer if asked, and it cannot in every case be quite true.

Yet those of us who have always known Peacock will all be dead one of these days, from which it seems to follow that if he is to have readers in perpetuity he must take on a few new ones. How is this to be brought about? How are we to keep alive a pleasure which is worth keeping alive both because it is unaffected and because it so little resembles any other pleasure to be got out of books? Likely prospects in the younger generation may be exposed to Professor Saintsbury's excellent praise of Peacock, or to Richard Garnett's. Or a yet better way may be to buy and give them Nightmare Abbey, which the Oxford University Press will soon reissue at a low price, at a dollar twenty.

Nightmare Abbey is a good place at which to begin Peacock, as good as The Misfortunes of Elphin or Crotchet Castle; better than Headlong Hall, which a reader might not much care for who would like the other novels; better perhaps than Maid Marian, which might raise expectations the others would disappoint. None of his books, Maid Marian excepted, has what novel-readers call a story, and all of them, with the same exception, are dull in spots.

And there is a further reason for starting with Nightmare Abbey. Here, more than elsewhere in Peacock, names we know may be associated with the points of view and modes of reasoning he is making fun of. He had Coleridge in mind when describing the effect of the French Revolution upon Mr. Flosky, whose hopes at its outset had been many and high: "Because all this was not done, he deduced that nothing was done; and from this deduction, according to his system of logic, he drew a conclusion that worse than nothing was done." Peacock had Byron in mind when he made Mr. Cypress say, in answer to Scythrop's argument for staying in England and helping to run it: "Sir, I have quarrelled with my wife; and a man who has quarrelled with his wife is absolved from all duty to his country." It was more what Shelley might have felt than what he did consciously feel which gives its tone to a remark of Scythrop's: "How can we be cheerful when our great general designs are crossed every moment by our little particular passions?" However, no famous man, so far as I remember, suggested one of the most famous sentences in Nightmare Abbey, but an unimportant Mr. Asterias, with a son whose mother nobody ever met: "What charitable female had lent him the mould in which this son was cast, no one pretended to know."

These quotations, short though they are, are long enough to illustrate Richard Garnett's comment: "Of the style of Nightmare Abbey it is impossible to speak too highly; it is rather engraved than written." And Shelley's letter to Peacock, which Garnett cites: "I know not how to praise sufficiently the lightness, chastity and strength of the language of the whole." Even my youngest readers, once they have forgiven Shelley for implying that chastity is compatible with strength, will concede that he was a good judge in these matters. As strong, as chaste, as light is the language of the other novels. And as neat. Listen to Friar Tuck, in Maid Marian, telling Marian and Robin Hood they are welcome to laugh at him: "None shall laugh in my company, though it be at my expense, but I will have my share of the merriment. The world is a stage, and life is a farce, and he that laughs most has most profit of the performance. The worst thing is good enough to be laughed at, though it be good for nothing else; and the best thing, though it be good for something else, is good for nothing better." Or to Seithenyn, supposed to have been drowned twenty years ago, when he reappears more or less drunk at the castle of Dinas Vawr, and tries to conquer the incredulity of Taliesin, who thinks it impossible that Seithenyn can be living: "I will give you proof that I am not a dead man; for, they say dead men tell no tales: now, I will tell you a tale, and a very interesting one it is." (How do you say, when you haven't read all literature, that Seithenyn is one of the best drunkards in all literature?) Or listen to a bit of dialogue, out of doors at Headlong Hall, between Mr. Gall and Mr. Milestone. Mr. Gall: "Allow me. I distinguish between the picturesque and the beautiful, and I add to them, in the laying out of grounds, a third and distinct character, which I call *unexpectedness*." Mr. Milestone: "Pray, sir, by what name do you distinguish this character, when a person walks round the grounds for the second time?"

Among persons who like books into which the author tries to put more beauty than he perceives, or through which he tries to release more energy than he has, Peacock will win no new readers. Nor among those who regard themselves as extremely specific responders to greatness and bigness. His impenitent neatness is both unlike anybody else's and also of the eighteenth century. It is peculiar to himself without being otherwise peculiar, save for those occasional rare words which he inserted, with surprising foresight, to reward good readers for the Oxford English Dictionary. Partly a way of putting things, his wit and neatness are even more a way of seeing and thinking them, a penumbraless expression of his keen, thin mind, which didn't know how to grope, or to be puzzled. Of course it isn't unmixed praise of his extra-sec manner to say that it expresses his love of the English countryside and of wild Wales as completely as it expresses his dislike of extravagant hopes and fears, or his love of good wine, good talk, leisure, comfort, Latin and Greek. Yet his love of landscape, particularly of "romantic" landscape, was strong, and his novels carry us to the most delightful places. Although he spent many years at the India House, in his office every day from half past ten till half past four, not even his friend Shelley liked better to be out of doors.

Perhaps the most culpable neglecters of Peacock are the anthologists, Palgrave choosing only one of his poems and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch only three. I can't understand why, or why the songs in his novels are not dear to all sorts and conditions of men.

P. L.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Failures

Failures, by H. R. Lenormand, translated from the French by Winifred Katzin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

TO a member of another race, an Anglo-Saxon, say, or a Russian, Lenormand's play may not at first come easy. Les Ratés is one of those productions, not wholly infrequent in France, that ought to be a great work of art and yet is not quite so. There is something about it that keeps one thinking of the great dramas of the world, dramas that appear only with the lapse of epochs and centuries and only blessedly then; and yet you know that Les Ratés never rises to the plane of one of these. Les Ratés is one of those French pieces that surprise us by their achievement and their extraordinary reach. It is the product of both insight and sheer artifice. Looking into Les Ratés we see the craft of it, the admitted contrivance; the placement of this scene and that, one following the other with secure and telling skill; the range and combination of types and characters; the invention of searching situations, of revealing incidents; the fluent manipulation of people and events in order to expose ideas and to set out the psychological and dramatic themes; the ingenuities of irony and semi-repetition; the steady progression toward the final greatest intensity of effect. All this we see if we know anything at all of the art of the drama; an infant in the art would get in the course of the play a hint of all this. And yet we see at the same time that from this artifice and this perpetual contrivance something does emerge; the effect and the impression arrive; the play moves us, shakes us, darkens and glows and breaks in the mind.

Les Ratés, moreover, may not be easy for us because of its volubility, the copiousness with which the characters express themselves, find figures of speech, words, images and spurts of warm or bitter eloquence, the spring and current of the scenes as they come following closely and easily one upon another. And yet we must perceive that both the facility and artifice and the volubility are supported—or redeemed, if you insist on mistrusting them—by sensitivity. Lenormand's Les Ratés, for all the craft and theatre game of it, is alive with sensitivity.

The story of Failures, which is the title used in the not very good translation of the play and which, for want of anything better to be found in English, must serve, concerns in a sense a theme rather than any particular persons. The theme is of something that is like a force working in a group of people; in He, the poet and dramatist; Juliette, the actress; Montredon, the cynical and essentially distinguished director of an art theatre; old Madame Geuroz, who had loved tragedy in her youth; Saint Gallet, playing priests for thirty years; Larnaudy, loving glory and foolishly eaten out by it; the foul-mouthed and sallow ingenue; and the musician, with his incorrigible music, his descent lower and lower, his assurance of his own genius even in filth. All these people are in some way doomed, born failures, down and out, finished; all are marked for some final ruin and decay. And yet all are sensitive, open to life; all of them can be touched by life and can be destroyed by it. They are weak not because they love and follow the thing they are drawn to, Montredon to his art theatre, the composer to his music, He to his passion and art, Juliette to her love, not because they love and follow the thing that draws them, but because they cannot use these things toward their own strength. They cannot make life complete them even while it consumes them; they never convert into their own terms the forces that carry them. And so, as He the poet says at the end, it is only a question of time, they either kill the thing they love or it kills them.

In the midst of this group of people so pathetically and comically torn and wrecked by life, are Juliette and the poet. And because they are capable of a finer and more poignant response to beauty, to love and passion and ideas, they become the figures on which the story of the play is built. Through them, in spite of its destruction of them at last, a beautiful, pure thing works. Love, beginning simply between the young dramatist and his leading lady, moves on through hunger and cold and through degradation and vice as a separate and pure thing. It moves happily sometimes to the surface and once even into a serene and lovely mystery and peace, and it sinks into a dark and sullen thing within; but whatever happens, love in these two can be isolated; it is a pure thing, whether happy and fresh or pitiful or brutal, or primitive and menacing. So that Lenormand has written a play about decay, failure and the triumph of love. Les Ratés turns on the degradation and confusion and dirt of men's lives and the purity and power of the forces that move in them.

Some of the arrangements and inventions and themes of Les Ratés are obvious enough, most of the last scene, for instance, which is too easy and obvious, but some of them are remarkable. Take the wonderful scene in the cathedral where the company pass by in twos sightseeing and break out with their several thoughts, and where He tells Juliette—who when she could no longer bear the sight of his suffering and want had sold herself—that he has followed a woman and gone with her, not because he wanted her but out of pride, his lost honor, not that either but because of some instinct that had led him to defile himself as Juliette had done, he wanted to be nearer to her, to be with her. Or take the profound theme as Lenormand develops it of the struggle in He's mind to rationalize and dominate his reaction to Juliette's selling herself to other men; it is for his sake, he tells himself; he does not experience, he says, the usual jealous rage; he has moments with Juliette when they feel that they have never loved before. And meanwhile more and more he drinks, he drowns his debates and his pain in drink. And finally in a drunken spell, when his will to reason, his explanations, acceptances and philosophies are set aside and the elemental depths of him are released, he kills her.

In connection with this theme of reasoning, of self-imposed control, above the primitive, jealous, wounded animal beneath, Lenormand discovers the finest motive in the whole play, the best instance in it, I think, of a single image of high imaginative order. In his drunken railing not long before he kills her, He tells Juliette that there is one thing he forbids her to do. She may sink to the hotel porter if she likes, to the gutter if it pleases her, but she shall not go making fun of him with her lovers, that he'll not have—as if with her that could ever have been possible. He has heard her, he says, that time at Falaise when she came out of the theatre with the sub-lieutenant. He heard them, they were laughing at his muffler. In that image is summed up the jealousy, the blind loneliness, the fatality and pitiful smallness and tears of the whole moment.

STARK YOUNG.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Newspapers under the Knife

Some Newspapers and Newspapermen, by Oswald Garrison Villard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

DESPITE its admitted social importance, journalism is the subject of very few extended, serious studies. No doubt this is natural enough; newspapermen usually lack both the time and the mental attitude necessary for a discussion of their craft in abstract terms; while the sort of man who writes books is without the technical knowledge of journalistic processes—a knowledge which is really unimportant but seems significant to the outsider. Whether for this reason or some other, the bibliography of journalism is extraordinarily brief. A few important dailies have been the theme of "histories," usually written by a bright member of the staff who is given a few weeks' time and produces a book as hasty as laudatory. Jason Rogers has discussed the business side of publishing; here and there a college professor of journalism produces a text-book on newswriting or editing; and one of their number, James Melvin Lee, has written a careful if pedestrian history of the press in America. When you have enumerated these, plus Upton Sinclair's famous muckraking volume and the thoughtful studies of Walter Lippmann in the field of public opinion, you have told the tale, down to the recent publication of Mr. Villard's new volume.

Some Newspapers and Newspapermen is a collection of papers dealing with outstanding journals of today, and, in four instances, with editors who are dead. The author's notion of applying the case method to the great dailies of the country was a happy one and one for the execution of which he is admirably fitted, not only by his honorable record of many years as managing editor, editorial writer and president of the New York Evening Post, but by his close familiarity with the journals and journalists of several other cities. Even when one has made allowance for this intimate personal knowledge, he displays a treasury of information and a versatile acquaintance with local affairs in Boston, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Chicago, which is simply bewildering. Never were pages packed with so many facts to the square inch.

Mr. Lee, in a review, complains of errors, and mentions several; but even if he is right, the percentage of accuracy remains amazingly high for a work containing so many statements of historical fact. If for no other reason, this book is worth study as a striking example of careful research transmuted into skilful, staccato narrative.

In his preface, the author speaks of "the prevailing tendencies in the rake's progress of our press, due to the commercialization of what should be the noblest of the professions." Yet his is not the mechanistic point of view one might expect from this. He believes men make circumstances and not circumstances men; he never shows us individuals caught in the grip of machinery, forced to change for the worse with a changing civilization. He assumes (I think it is fair to say) that if newspaper proprietors would only be honest liberals, liberals like Mr. Scott of the Manchester Guardian, for instance, the worst evils of the press would disappear. This may be true; and yet the present writer wishes Mr. Villard had turned his attention also to the problem of the average reader—that reader who has such an incorrigible penchant for sensation instead of truth, bright superficiality instead of conscientious digging, who wants all his prejudices coddled, who doesn't mind buying theatre tickets at high prices but grudges every penny which goes for intellectual pabulum in the form of printed sheets. Such readers constitute at least half the problem of journalism.

While Mr. Villard believes in personal responsibility and pins his faith to the morality of the editor, his hope for the future is not in some sort of eugenic production of journalistic Galahads, but appears to be based upon the idea of multiple ownership. He attaches much significance to the Minnesota Daily Star, a paper with 6,000 owners; and to the Forward, a Yiddish daily of New York City, a coöperative, non-capitalistic enterprise, which divides its very handsome profits among the various worthy causes which it espouses editorially. The present writer has no first hand knowledge which enables him to dispute Mr. Villard's enthusiasm; but it seems to him clear that multiple ownership per se does not solve the chief problem of the newspaper, which is control of its columns in the private rather than the public service. It may, indeed, enhance the difficulty of the editor, by giving him a multitude of counsellors where he needs none at all. As for the non-profit enterprise, it is certainly interesting and suggestive; but the very fact that only one such paper is known to exist in the United States, shows how far it is from the normal product of our present civilization, and how fragile is the hope that journalism in general will follow such an example.

The reviewer hastens to add that when he thus derogates the projects which seem promising to Mr. Villard, he has no alternative in mind. He does not know the way out of the dilemma of a public institution owned and operated in a private interest. He does believe, however, that the social aspects of journalism, and the social responsibility of the journalist need far more public attention than they have received in the past. In the creation of the necessary public opinion such works as Mr. Villard's skilfully written and fascinating book can unquestionably play a useful part.

BRUCE BLIVEN

Adventure Extraordinary

Since Leaving Home, by Albert Wehde. Chicago: The Tremonia Publishing Company. $3.00.

THIS is a book to be read for three reasons. It is an exciting tale of adventure. It is a study, convincing by reason of its simplicity, of personality affected by nationalism. It is an account, equally convincing, of the relations of Allies and neutrals during the early years of the war before the United States became a belligerent.

Albert Wehde was born in Westphalia in 1869. A somewhat undisciplined boyhood was ended by the purchase of a ticket to St. Louis, whither Albert and his cousin Karl journeyed in 1885. After unsuccessful efforts to place themselves in regular employment, the two boys started down the Mississippi in a leaky skiff, and after various adventures reached New Orleans, whence Albert invaded Texas on his own account. There is admirable material in all this for a picaresque novel of the Southwest, but Mr. Wehde keeps strictly to his personal narrative. He sailed to Central America on a fruit steamer, and spent several years there, exploring, prospecting for gold, getting lost in jungles, being rescued by Indians, fighting with snakes and indulging in revolutionary activities. Again one pauses to note that here is all the material of Melville's romances,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Typee or Omoo. Indeed, no moment in Melville surpasses in excitement that in which Wehde, about to step on a tommygaw, throws himself on the reptile, pins it under him with his pack, and unable to reach a weapon is obliged to bite the snake to death. Nothing can be more convincing than the bit of corroborative detail: "A musky, indescribably obnoxious smell and taste pervaded my whole being." Wehde's Carmencita is a substitute for Melville's Fayaway, but realism forces the author to admit that he owed his good fortune to her desire for offspring rather than to her passion.

Meanwhile Wehde's family had migrated to the United States, where he joined them, and for twenty years lived the life of a bourgeois craftsman and designer in Milwaukee and Chicago. During this time he occupied the ambiguous position of a hyphenate. His account of his psychology is as simple and candid as the rest of his narrative: "When my German friends talked nonsense about America, I was all American, and when, what happened just as frequently, Americans talked as foolishly about Germany, I was all German." When the Spanish-American war broke out he had tried to leave Central America to join Roosevelt's Rough Riders. On his return to the United States he became an American citizen. But he was never free from the consequences of his double inheritance. "Equal love and appreciation for the land of my birth and for the land of my adoption caused conflicts within myself and with others, often resulting in ill-feeling and worse with people whom I liked and esteemed."

When the European war broke out Wehde found himself in the midst of difficulties. The United States had proclaimed its neutrality, but while American manufacturers converted their factories into munition works for the Allies, the British enforced a blockade which prevented German-Americans from sending food and hospital supplies to their fatherland. As Wehde says: "We were prevented from stilling the hunger of our own mothers, innocent of any hand in the war-making, and from helping to heal the wounds that shells, made in our adopted country, were inflicting upon our brothers." This was a situation intolerable to a man of Wehde's spirit. He accordingly put himself at the disposal of the German authorities, to aid by legal means the German cause. He took literally President Wilson's statement about Germany's right to use the seas if she could obtain the ships. He sailed to Manila, and bought an auxiliary schooner of American registry, the Henry S., on which he proposed to ship munitions to India or East Africa.

The second half of Mr. Wehde's book is as exciting and as plausible as the first. We do not think of the German as possessing that primacy in initiative, resource and daredevil courage which we arrogate to the Anglo-Saxon pioneer, or the French coureur de bois, but the war has taught us that when the German goes in for a career involving these qualities he does so with Teutonic thoroughness. The officers of the Emden, von Mueller, von Muecke, and Lauterbach, who after the sinking of their vessel beat their way across the Indian Ocean and attempted the passage of the Arabian desert were of this class; and Wehde, one of whose commissions was to aid them, belongs in their company. His adventures in the Henry S., sailing between Manila and Celebes, pursued by the enemy, British and Japanese, and thwarted at every turn by the neutrals, Dutch and Americans, are material for a Conrad. Another quality which we refuse to the Germans is humor. It may have been Wehde's Americanization which showed its quality in the passport which he constructed for use in Japan, granted by Cole I, Missouriae Rex, at his capital, Showmee, and countersigned by his secretary of state, Fiddlersthree.

When the United States entered the war Wehde resigned from the German service and returned to San Francisco. The end of his story is unpleasant reading. Immediately on our entrance into the war the British government procured from our complacent administration the arrest of leading Indian revolutionists in the United States, on the charge of attempting to overthrow the British government in India. Clearly, the association in their trial of an undoubted German agent, such as Wehde, was a help to the prosecution. The trial of the Indians in San Francisco, conducted by British agents who themselves searched the lodgings of their victims and brought into court numbers of co-defendants imported from Indian prisons for the purpose of turning state's evidence, is one of the most shameful episodes in our participation in the war. The trial of Wehde in Chicago before Judge Landis was a sort of dress rehearsal. One of the witnesses against Wehde was an imported Indian, Jodh Singh, who later refused to testify in the San Francisco case, and was driven insane by British-American torture. Wehde was convicted, sentenced to the extreme penalty of three years imprisonment, and, after motions for retrial had been dismissed, began to serve his sentence in August 1921. He was pardoned nine months later. One is impelled to a final suggestion that Wehde might have written a book on his last adventure, a sociological novel in which Leavenworth would have taken the place of Honduras—a social jungle, of which he says:

> It is a place of infamy and stupidity, a breeding ground for vice and degeneracy, a chamber of torture for the clean of mind and body, a battening place for the brutal and swinish, dehumanizing and contaminating all who come under its influence, guards no less than prisoners.

It would be a mistake however to give the impression that Mr. Wehde writes in general with indignation or bitterness. He leaves such reaction to the readers of his book.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Briefs on Books

Our Debt to Greece and Rome. Cicero; Vol. 10 A, by John C. Rolfe, Ph. D. Roman Politics; Vol. 30, by Frank Frost Abbott. Warfare by Land and Sea; Vol. 33, by Eugene S. McCartney. Mathematics; Vol. 36, by David Eugene Smith. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. $1.50.

THESE four newcomers in the compendious series that has been planned have the virtues of their predecessors: brevity, sharpness of focus, and a persistent reference to the world of today. The discussions of Roman politics and classical mathematics are particularly good; but the net result of these excellent treatises is to add to the conviction that whilst the foundations of the Western World lie in classic antiquity, the structure itself has borrowed little more than the superficies. The editors have increased the difficulty of their task by attempting, it would seem, to make out a "case" for Roman civilization, and have used the word "debt" as equivalent to "benefit." It would show a sense of realism to add a book or two upon such bequests from Rome as are debts in the sense of being burdens; for example, the tradition of the Imperium, which has again and again laid a heavy hand upon later

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Freeman

though frankly a radical paper, has ardent supporters among liberals and conservatives.

Why?

Those liberals and conservatives who read and admire the Freeman are potential radicals, but don't know it—yet.

"Radical," of course, means merely an intelligent approach to questions, an insistence upon fundamental meanings, not (as the word is commonly misused) something destructive of proved values.

They like a fresh and untramelled appraisal of matters political and economic, a cutting away of mental underbrush in estimating achievements in science and art, a lucid assessment of literary values. They like evidences of an editorial policy that implies freedom and imagination.

In a word, although they may be clamped by certain traditions, they are men and women of the world and are grateful for a magazine of general culture with cosmopolitan range and outlook.

Your newsdealer can supply The Freeman for 15c, or you may have a free sample for the asking.

An opportunity

THE FREEMAN

for 20 weeks for $2

Pin $2 to this (cash, check or money order), sign here

.....

write plainly

.....

and mail to
THE FREEMAN
116 W. 13th St., N. Y.
and try this "phenomenon of American journalism."

N.R. 12-5-23

A 20-week subscription makes a good gift to people who like spice with their thinking

Please mention The New Republic when writing to advertisers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peoples, as in the deliberate foundation of Moscow as a Third Rome, or as in the present Fascist movement. St. Augustine had a very vivid sense of this second kind of debt; and to tell only one side of the story is to perpetuate a Renascence myth which is no longer either serviceable or credible. L. M.

The Social and Political Ideas of Some Great Medieval Thinkers, edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50.

THIS is an admirable collection of lectures on mediaeval social and political doctrines delivered by such authorities as Barker, Carlyle, Jacob, Aveling, Sharwood Smith, Miss Power, Allen and Hearnshaw. These lectures take up in succession the theories of society and the state presented by St. Augustine, John of Salisbury, Aquinas, Dante, Pierre DuBois, Marsilio of Padua and Wycliffe. Barker's introductory lecture constitutes an excellent outline of the historical background and cultural environment out of which these doctrines developed. All in all, there is no doubt that this is the best brief survey of medieval social and political theory available in the English language. One might, perhaps, complain slightly that there is not a lecture dealing with Isidore, Rhabanus and Manegold of Lautenbach in the period between Augustine and John of Salisbury, and that room was not found at the end for the contributions of Cusanus. H. E. B.

The Russian Arts, by Rosa Newmarch. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE original conception of this book lies in the title; the actual accomplishment is much narrower in scope; for Miss Newmarch treats only of architecture, sculpture, and painting; and even here the two chapters on architecture comprise less than a tenth of the book, and take the reader no farther than the eighteenth century. One would not dwell upon the sketchiness of these chapters nor on the complete omission of anything on the peasant arts, were it not for the fact that Miss Newmarch herself confesses that the present book "does little more than lead to the confines of a great field for future study." To devote the greater part of The Russian Arts to the painters of the nineteenth century, men who scarcely ever rose above the level of such Westerners as Millais or Meissonier, is to give small recompense for all these omissions. The text, the contents, and the comments would all have been quite adequate—perhaps—twenty years ago. L. M.

This Earth of Ours, by Jean Henri Fabre. New York: The Century Co. $2.50.

FABRE is fascinating as ever in telling about the forms and formation of mountains and seas, volcanoes and rivers, seasons and climates. But what Fabre needs is not translating but transplanting. The value of his homely language and household illustrations is lost when they are foreign and unfamiliar. To tell an American child to "take a five franc piece" is to do just what Fabre would never do. The text tells us that the distance of the sun is "34,000,000 leagues" and the timid translator makes the matter no better by adding a footnote that "The French league is a little more than 2¾ of our miles." And it is hardly fair to pass off on our unsuspecting youngsters as modern science such statements as "We are to think of the earth as a globe of matter liquefied by heat" and "The biblical deluge left on the continents unmistakable traces of its destructive action." Fabre's usefulness is crippled by his becoming a "classic," too revered to be revised. E. E. S.

Isles of Illusion, Anonymous. Edited by Bohun Lynch. Boston: Small Maynard and Company.

THESE striking letters were written from the South Seas by a man for whom writing was a safety-valve against the very real danger of insanity. He is an Oxford man,—sensitive, dream-led,—for whom good books, sympathetic companionship and beauty alone make breathing life. It is the man, not the scenery, that holds the reader. But in his adventures and acquaintances, his fierce resentments and fleeting ecstacies, are mirrored the lovely loathesome islands of his disillusionment. E. V.

Eclipses of the Sun, by S. A. Mitchell, Professor of Astronomy, University of Virginia, and Director of Leander McCormick Observatory. New York: Columbia University Press. $3.85.

PROFESSOR MITCHELL has been throughout his life an indefatigable eclipse-chaser. He has traveled about 50,000 miles about the globe in search of the moon's shadow and he has been rewarded by, in all, ten minutes of totality. He would have been able to add two minutes to his score on September 10 last if the clouds had not swept over Point Loma where he had pitched his tent. He can write about eclipses as well as observe them and every reader, however unlearned in astronomy, can find something of interest in this big volume. It is the only modern work on the subject for the layman. The final chapters contain a remarkably clear and level-headed interpretation of the Einstein theory. E. E. S.

Contributors

JOHN W. OWENS is on the staff of the Baltimore Sun's Washington Bureau.

CARL SANDBURG is the author of Chicago Poems, Corn Huskers, Rootabaga Pigeons, etc.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, poet, is the author of The Man against the Sky, Merlin, The Three Taverns, Avon's Harvest, Roman Bartholow, etc.

DAVID MORTON teaches English in the Morristown, New Jersey, High School. He is the author of Ships in Harbor, published by Putnam's, and is soon to issue a second volume of verse.

LOLA RIDGE is the author of The Ghetto and Sun-Up, both published by B. W. Huebsch, and is now at work upon two other books, one of prose and the other of poetry.

SARA TEASDALE is the author of Sonnets to Duse and Other Poems, Rivers to the Sea, Love Songs, Flame and Shadow, etc.

GEORGE STERLING is the author of The Testimony of the Sun and Other Poems, The Wine of Wizardry and Other Poems, Lilith, and various other volumes of poetry, an edition of his Collected Poems having been recently published by Henry Holt & Company.

GEORGE SOULE is director of the Labor Bureau, New York City, and the author of The New Unionism in the Clothing Industry (with J. M. Budish), The Intellectual and the Labor Movement, etc.

WILLIAM A. NORRIS is a member of the staff of the Milwaukee Sentinel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New
REPUBLIC

Views of American Poetry

CONTENTS

Two Generations in American Poetry.....Amy Lowell 1
Walt Whitman.....Vachel Lindsay 3
On Teaching the Young Laurel to Shoot..Witter Bynner 5
A Poet and His Audience.....Alfred Kreymborg 7
But, My Dear Shelley.....Joseph Auslander 8
The Springs of Poetry.....Louise Bogan 9
Why We Don't Read Poetry.....Frank Ernest Hill 10
Jewelled Bindings.....Elinor Wylie 11
Reviews of Books
Black Armour.....Archibald MacLeish 16
The Pilgrimage of Festus.....H. Phelps Putnam 18
Body of This Death.....A. Donald Douglas 20
Program Poetry.....Clarence Britten 22
Stone Walls and Precious Stones....Robert Littell 24

Two Generations in American Poetry

SOME fifty years ago, more or less, a handful of unrelated men and women took to being born up and down these United States. What impulse was responsible for them, what submerged law of change and contradiction settled upon them as its tools, it is a little hard to say—at least, to say in any sort of reasonable compass. They appear to have been sporadic efforts of some force or other, operating over a period of nearly twenty years; but so disconnected were they, geographically, socially, and atavistically, that one thing is certain: however they may have derived from a central urge, they did not derive in the least from one another. This little handful of disconnected souls, all unobtrusively born into that America which sighed with Richard Watson Gilder, wept with Ella Wheeler Wilcox, permitted itself to dance delicately with Celia Thaxter, and occasionally to blow a graceful blast on the beribonned trumpet of Louise Imogen Guiney, was destined to startle its progenitors. This was a world of sweet appreciation, a devotee of caged warblers, which species of gentle music-makers solaced it monthly from the pages of the Century or the Atlantic Monthly. How pleasant to turn away for a moment from the rattle of drays and horse-cars and listen to a woodland strain repeated in a familiar and well-loved cadence! That these robins of ours were doing their best to imitate the notes of English blackbirds and nightingales, only made their efforts the more precious; and, to be sure, their imitations were done with a modesty worthy of all admiration. They knew their place in the world's harmony and saw to it that they did not overstep it. This was expected and loyally adhered to. What of America had time for these not too exciting titivations of the emotions, harkened and was pleased; the busy rest of the populace heeded not at all and missed very little.

Now how it was that a handful of young persons, growing up in the seventies and eighties (for the widely spaced arrivals lasted thus long), found themselves, one and all, so out of sympathy with the chaste and saccharine music wandering through the ambient air of current periodicals, is one of the wonders of psychological phenomena. It is a fact, nevertheless, that with no one to talk to or compare notes with, each as separate as conditions could well make him, one and all they revolted against the taste of their acquaintances, and launched, the whole flotilla of them, out into the turbulent sea of experiment and personal expression.

Upheavals make for art, as is well known. The débâcle of the Franco-Prussian war gave France the galaxy of poets and musicians which made the last two decades of the nineteenth century so rich a period in her annals. But here, in America, there had been no war sufficiently recent to cause an effect of leaf turning. The Civil War was too long gone by. No, the change in poetry seems to have sprung from something far more prosaic. From the great tide of commerce and manufacture, indeed. Prosperity is the mother of art, no matter how odd such an idea may seem. Look at the Elizabethan age in England. It followed immediately upon an expansion of the world's markets, did it not? But this expansion was all bound up with the romance of daring adventure and exploration.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quite so, and was not ours? A continent crossed and settled at infinite peril; rivers run into clacking factories; electricity caught and chained to wires, forcing the very air to obedient echo—are not such things as these romantic and adventurous? Whether people had the wit to see them in this light or not, the little devils who rule the psychological currents which man ignores and invariably obeys found them so. Nemesis is extraordinarily ironical. While the men of the race were making fortunes, and the women were going to concerts and puzzling their heads over a Browning whom, having invented themselves, they could not in the least understand, so different was he from dear Mr. Gilder—while all this was going on, in New England, the Middle West, in Pennsylvania and Arkansas, by one, and one, and one, like beads before they are strung upon a string, the makers of this poetic renaissance of ours were obscurely working all toward one end and that as various as the strands in a piece of rope.

Who the pioneers of this movement were, I am not going to say. They are perfectly well known to every one interested in present day literature. Besides, we are still too near to them to render absolute statement possible. Were a suffrage taken, some names would appear in all lists, others would differ. Time alone can make the actual personnel of the movement secure. My intention here is to analyze a movement, not criticise individual talents. When I mention such, I do so as illustration merely.

With all their diversity, there was a central aim which bound the group together. Conscious with some, unconscious with others, their aim was to voice America. Now you cannot voice one country in the accents of another. Therefore the immediate object of these poets was to drop the perpetual imitation of England. It is interesting, if painful, to realize what a desperately hard time these young poets had. When they could get themselves printed, which was seldom, they were either completely ignored or furiously lampooned. And still they were alone, none knew the others; but they were a courageous little band, and on they went, writing, and putting their poems in their writing-table drawers.

Suddenly, explosively, the movement came to a head in 1912 and the years immediately succeeding. In October, 1912, Harriet Monroe brought out her magazine Poetry, but, splendid work though that magazine has done, I cannot subscribe to its often expressed opinion that it is largely responsible for the recognition the group began to achieve. Instead I should say that it was another manifestation of the fulminating spirit which produced the poets themselves. Every one of these poets had been writing for years, some of them for many years, others were already the authors of neglected volumes, before Poetry arrived on the scene. It seems to me rather that the ferment had reached a point when it was bound to burst. For burst it did and bore down on the American consciousness with an indomitable violence not to be resisted. Horrified professors shuddered and took to umbrellas and arctics, newspaper fulminators tried all the weapons in their armories from snubs to guffaws. It was no use; what must come, comes. The caged warblers were swept out of court. Those people who hated the new poetry were forced back on the classical old which antedated the warbler era. And that alone was a good thing.

But this movement which we speak of so glibly, do we really know what it was? Let us observe it a little. In the first place, it was an effort to free the individual from the expression of the herd; in the second, it had for its object the breaking down of mere temperamental barriers. This looks like paradox, but it is not. The poetry of the two preceding decades had been almost entirely concerned with recording personal emotions, but recording them in a perfectly stereotyped way. The new poetry found that emotions were not confined to the conjugation of the verb to love, and whether it said "I love" or "Behold the earth and all that is thereon," if it followed its natural inclination, it would say it quite differently from the way its fathers had said it. The truth is that this new poetry, whether written by men or women, was in essence masculine, virile, very much alive. Where the nineties had warbled, it was prone to shout. When it concerned itself with love, its speech was natural and unrestrained; when not concerned with love, it found interests as manifold as the humanity crowding on its eyes from every street corner. It had so much to say that it simply could not say it, and so huge a country to speak for that no one poet could do more than present a little by-lane of it. It took the whole handful of poets which made up the group to give any adequate expression of the movement or the age which produced it; but, taking the work by and large, book after book, here was a volume of energy, a canvas so wide and sparkling, that something very like the dazzling tapestry of American life, thought, and activities, was obtained.

As the poets were, so was their work. One gave simple facts; another approached the central truth obliquely; a third abandoned America as far as direct allusion went, and presented it the more clearly in reactions on distant countries and periods viewed through American eyes. For instance, take Frost and Sandburg and juxtapose them with "H. D." Not one of these three could have sprung from any country but America, and yet where Frost and Sandburg portray their special country-sides, town and open, "H. D." occupies herself with an ancient loveliness alive again through the eager vision of a young race to which nothing is stale. Wherever posterity may place the group in the rôle of American poets, one thing it cannot deny them: the endeavor after a major utterance. They may have failed; they dared the stars. They hitched their wagons to the tails of comets. There was nothing the matter with their aim; success is another thing, and not for us to gauge.

The world learned to like them pretty well, although they were not very much understood. It is not the way of our modern world to accord greatness its due, even when it slyly supposes that it may exist. The very feeble educations which are all most of us can boast tend to caution rather than to acclaim. It is safer to doubt, for then the odds are with you. No, the world was interested, but took refuge in the old cry: "These men are precursors, we await the great poet for whom they are clearing the way." And what happened? Rather a curious thing. At first the pioneers rolled up their tallies of disciples. Incipient "Spoon Rivers" rippled on every side; bits of here, there, and everywhere à la Frost appeared; red-blooded followers travestied Sandburg's least successful pictures, stupidly unaware that it was his tenderness and insight which made him the man he was; the Imagists almost despaired of ever freeing themselves from the milk and water imitations with which young hopefuls flooded the non-paying magazines. Still the great poet who was to go all of them one better did not make his appearance. Instead came a volte face. Reaction, by Jove! Or so it appeared. Reaction after ten years! But things move swiftly nowadays.

The bewildered elders rubbed their eyes. Had all their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work been in vain? By no means, for the reaction owed more to them than it has ever been willing to acknowledge. Without them, the younger poets could not have existed. Now constant reaction is a law of art. When one impulse is exhausted, the artistic undercurrents turn to another. Finding it impossible to outdistance the pioneers on their own ground, the next generation veered off at a tangent and sought other grounds of its own. But a reaction, to be effective, must produce poets of something like the calibre of the poets reacted from. Without attempting to answer this question one way or the other, we can, at least, peer a little more closely at the type of poetry coming on the stage today.

The younger group appears to be composed of two entirely distinct companies. Unlike the pioneers, who had among them the tie of a concerted effort, these two sections are completely at variance with one another. To name them, one calls itself the Secessionists; the other we may christen, for purposes of differentiation, the Lyrists. It is not a very good name, for all poets write lyrics, but as these poets write practically nothing else, it will serve. Of these two groups, the Lyrists are unquestionably doing the better work. They proclaim no tenets, but confine themselves to writing poetry, and doing it uncommonly well. Their expertness is really amazing. They have profited by the larger movement in finding an audience ready-made to their hands, a number of magazines eager to welcome them, and a considerable body of critical writing bearing on the poetical problems of the moment—aids to achievement which the older group entirely lacked. Through the practice of the elders, the younger group has learned to slough off the worst faults of the nineties, and, in the matter of versification, there is scarcely a fault to be found with their work. I refer, of course, to that of the leaders. The strange thing here, however, the crux of the reactionary situation, is its aim. For where the older generation aimed at a major expression, these younger poets are directly forcing themselves to adhere to a minor one. The terms major and minor in poetry have nothing to do with good and bad; a minor poet is often meticulously careful and exceedingly fine. Major and minor refer to outlook, and it is a fact that this younger group deliberately seeks the narrow, personal note. It is a symptom, I suppose, a weariness of far horizons, a breath-taking before a final leap.

Where emotion is the chief stock in trade, we should not expect a high degree of intellectual content, yet in one member of the group we find it—in Elinor Wylie, who, unlike Edna St. Vincent Millay, that delightfully clever exponent of the perennial theme of love, is one of the most intellectual and well equipped of American poets. These two are the acknowledged chiefs of the company. For, while the older movement was innately masculine, the new one is all feminine. It is, indeed, a feminine movement, and remains such even in the work of its men.

The Secessionists are quite apart. Their object is science rather than art; or perhaps it is fairer to say that to them art is akin to mathematics. They are much intrigued by structure, in a sense quite other than that in which it is usually employed in poetry. They have a host of theories, and are most interesting when stating them, but the doubt arises whether a movement which concerns itself more with statements about poetry than with the making of poetry itself is ever going to produce works of art of a quality to justify the space taken up by pronunciamentos.

The outcome of all this is somewhat hazy. It is a fact that, side by side with the youths, the elders are still writing. Whether the younger group will sweep aside the older, it is too soon to see. That the far easier poetry of the Lyrists will be, and is, immensely popular, is only natural. The question is how long can it maintain itself in the face of its wilfully restricted limits. Whether the future will bring a period of silence preceding another vigorous dash forward, or whether the present feminine mood will lead directly into the next advance, who shall say? Not I, at any rate. Both possibilities are in order, and for the present I think we may be satisfied. The time has been short, and considerable has been done in a variety of ways by the two generations at the moment writing. As Whitman said, here is "a lapful of seed, and this is a fine country."

AMY LOWELL.

Walt Whitman

YOU ask my opinion about the place of Walt Whitman in American Poetry and hero-worship? He is "in my humble opinion" as big a poet as his most emphatic admirer makes him out to be. John Burroughs and also the latest Thibetan to discover Leaves of Grass are right about the book. But Whitman is no hero, and much turns on this. Stephen Graham has generally reported me most kindly and most generously. But in one place he has me wrong. He says I prefer Longfellow to Whitman. No, I prefer Whitman to Longfellow. I agree with the whole of Greenwich Village about Leaves of Grass. I agree with them about Longfellow's poems. But I prefer Andrew Jackson to either man, as a "hero." Here I part with the Village.

Those who are impatient with the citizens of the U. S. A. for not surrendering abjectly to Walt Whitman, and producing an army of singers and citizens of the same style, are blaming a people, when they should blame one of the habits of art history. Walt Whitman, like Milton and Michael Angelo, has the grand style, with all the fatalities of the grand style for imitators or slavish admirers. Michael Angelo's art destroyed the Renaissance. All who imitated him were destroyed, and his manner was so infectious that he bred generations of pompous "little giants." It was a sound instinct in all those who refused to be in any way infected. Those who imitated Donatello might still grow into themselves, but the sculptor or painter touched to imitation by Michael Angelo was forever distended. Michael Angelo was the only volcano with the lava to fill a crater so gigantic. All the others burned with fires of straw. Not till William Blake was there a draughtsman or painter who could take over the manner of Michael Angelo—without being destroyed by it. He was, first, a man of letters, and is still for the most part a literary tradition on the edge of the art world. He had lava enough to fill that old crater, however.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I should say that we are fortunate in Sandburg, who owes a direct debt to Whitman, without being destroyed by him. But we may find in this a reason parallel to the triumph of Blake. Sandburg is something more than a Whitmanite. And there is only one Sandburg, not an army of a million singing Sandburgs. The parallel of Whitman with Milton—as a destroying influence—is even more precise. No imitator of Milton, so far as I know, ever gained a fully authoritative place, even for a time, except Mr. Young, the distinguished author of the Night Thoughts, and Mr. Young is now forgotten. Certainly we do not have a million democratic Miltonites. I hold that young imitators of Donatello, or Wordsworth, are not in artistic danger. Such masters are "democratic" enough, and such direct and simple masters keep the talent an elastic child, not overstrained, till it finds its own direction. And there is no demand that they evangelize as well as carve or write. It is a sound instinct to leave the author of a grand style as solitary as the politicians leave George Washington. It is a sound instinct to admire him—but to begin again. Andrew Jackson showed that sound instinct in fighting Washington. There was something in it deeper than politics. Andrew Jackson foresaw the two-cent stamp, and the Gilbert Stuart portraits. The only direct imitation of George Washington's grand style I know is Robert E. Lee. I prefer J. E. B. Stuart, as a hero of the Confederacy.

He who would have a grand style—must begin again. And it is personally and artistically, even then,—a perilous business. It has been achieved in the Woolworth Tower. But in no imitation thereof, direct or indirect. Yet America is full of successful variations of the bungalow theme. And Scribner's Magazine and Harper's Magazine are just alike, and "little masterpieces."

Another reason the citizens of the United States do not fall down before Whitman in poetry as they do before Lincoln in statesmanship—is that there are no interesting details to Whitman. He might even be compared to a bound volume of Daniel Webster's Orations. But there is no such perpetual distension either in the letters and speeches of Lincoln or the incidents of his life. He gets down off his high horse the minute the great occasion is over. With Whitman America is not a land, but a sea, with one wave about the size of every other wave. It is all horizon line, and no gossip, except suppressed gossip. Lincoln's best biographer is his battered gossiping old law partner Herndon who told every tale out of school, and yet left his hero standing. The bold Whitman concealed most of the essential facts of his life, and biographically is best at a distance like certain bare mountains or half-extinct volcanoes. Yet Whitman claims—and his fanatical followers claim for him—a personal devotion. A literary and personal devotion has been accorded to Lincoln, though he asked only a political following. Whitman's followers claim for him a devotion beyond the wildest that was ever accorded to Lincoln at the height of the Civil War. Now this has nothing to do with art or literature, yet it is thoroughly mixed up with Whitman's alleged claim, till it almost ruins the claim. He seems to make it himself. But his followers have misread him. They thrust him upon us like Buddha, Prince Siddartha. What men in history have rightly won a personal devotion? The first, in my opinion, is Prince Siddartha. The second that occurs to me is St. Francis. These are my heroes tonight. As for St. Francis he won the allegiance of saints and sinners. But The Little Flowers of St. Francis records a life that was a masterpiece. Whitman's book was a masterpiece, but his life was only half that good.

Or for an instance of deserved worship take a pagan, a great mixer—Raphael. His life was a cup of wine. He died "worn out with love and labor." But there was no trick to it. That hand was the same fabric of flesh as the pictures. The eye was the same eye. This only happens once in hundreds of years—that the man is the same excellent fabric as his art. Whitman claimed to be such a man. He was not. He, personally, was in the same class with Santa Claus and Longfellow when he behaved, and when he did not behave he was something like the King in Huckleberry Finn, an admirable man in some respects, but no leader, neither Caesar nor Brutus.

Leadership, the kind that shines through all the mists of the centuries, sacramental leadership—where the very body and blood of the leader is identified with his work—is seldom the gift of the artists, or we would have gods, and not men, very soon. Buddha did not write. Socrates did not write. It left them the strength to make an art of life. So, in some sense, they made their very bodies sacraments. Probably no pupil of Plato ever made the claim for his personality he continually made for the personality of Socrates. Yet your true Whitmanite would combine the general consequence and weight of these two men and call it Whitman. And the puzzled citizens of the United States grow suspicious. Whitman can never be any nearer to them than Milton, and Milton's private conduct is not thrust upon them even in vague and dull metaphor as the supreme model of heroic democracy—though he went blind in what to him was a holy cause, the radicalism and democracy of his time. Whitman, personally, has less real ginger in his life than the Damaged Souls of Gamaliel Bradford. For courage and style John Randolph of Roanoke was a whole lot more of a man; for frankness and variety of incident Barnum outshines Whitman, and for thumping democracy Benjamin F. Butler is more of an American, with all his sins. I can admire a devil—but he must have some salt. I can admire also an angel—but he must have some personal lightning. Not all the personal tales about Whitman equal the single simple narrative of John Randolph, fresh from hunting, marching into Congress and down the aisle with his hound-dogs in front of him and a dog-whip in his hand.

I will grant for Whitman's Leaves of Grass everything ever said in its praise by the wildest French critic. But the thesis of Whitman's followers is that we must follow him personally. Which would mean we must be lost in clouds and deliberate obscurities and personal secrecies. We have not even an apocryphal cherry-tree story to cling to. The American people if they love a man as a hero of romance must know as much about him as Spain knew of Don Quixote or America knows of Henry Ford. We want a few details.

There is no true confession in Whitman. Mark Twain tells on himself. In Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn he tells on himself as a youth. In The Mysterious Stranger he tells on himself, as an old man. And if his publishers had not been very busy indeed in holding it back, we would have had still more confession. Therefore he has a growing "personal" leadership, by no means what is claimed for Whitman, but nearer to the Great Democrat whose sins are a secular sacrament than Whitman's fanatical followers can ever make of him for us.

Finally:—Whitman—both as a man and a poet—fails in his definition of United States democracy, in an essential

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

matter. He has no chivalry. His heroines are neither mediaeval nor modern. They are the fat and foolish ladies that sit on pillowy pulchritudinous clouds and decorate the court paintings of Peter Paul Rubens. Rubens is also magnificent, epic,—but no one ever claimed for him, personally, the one and only spot-light and divine honors. Like Whitman he went forward serving a muse who was indeed a thumping giantess, fair, fat, fish-eyed, frail and forty. But she neither demands nor inspires chivalry. And chivalry is one of the indestructible elements that no levelling process has ever wiped out of American life. It grows and takes new beautiful forms even here.

I remember the birth of the Gibson Girl. We all, high and low, gave her a breathless devotion. Mary Pickford is a person of appalling simplicity, but chivalry is the essence of the United States dream of her. And do you remember the reign of Grover Cleveland's bride? Edgar Lee Masters's most heart-searching poems are Anne Rutledge and Lucinda Matlock. Chivalry is of the essence of these poems.

The daughter of the poorest poor white may win a place in one of our inter-state beauty contests, and the prize will not be for cheap silliness. Even in this there is more austerity, more Athenian grace and more chivalry than in all of Whitman. He assumes that that child cannot possibly be exquisite. He assumes in her cheapness, slackness.

Even our most elementary democracy understands that beauty is a proud, filigree, butterfly humming bird thing. O. Henry's little shop girls, always his heroines no matter how dull, had yet their moments when they were high-bred. They were all craving honor and worship, the most delicate flowers and honors our tournament could give, and the most filigree crowns in sight. There is no lace in Whitman's democracy, though there is lace on the Negro baby's cap, and there are delicate feathers in the war-bonnet of the Indian.

Robin Hood is to be seen in this little town next week. Pretty soon comes The Covered Wagon. They are both famous films, both essentially democratic—and breathe from end to end of chivalry, chivalry. All men must be equal, but all little girls must be queens! We demand in the U. S. A. millions of queens, forever and ever.

The root of the matter was in Mark Twain. He worshipped Joan of Arc as some old southern Colonel might worship his favorite daughter or niece. He was after all only an old southern Colonel disguised as a humorist. And in his worship of Joan of Arc all that old chivalry came forth. No devotion of knight to maiden was ever more abject or magnificent.

No one is going to cure us of the worship of women who are good and beautiful, by any kind of silly theory, even though it be from the latest medical book. No doctor will ever cure little boys of buying lace valentines for pretty little girls.

I have recited in hundreds of high school assemblies in this country, from Maine to California, assemblies two thousand strong, and giving for my delectation all their yells. But the chivalry was there. The girls were all potential movie queens—but still queens, and not fat fish-wives, and it was perfectly obvious the boys feared and loved them. Their athletic contests all have the flavor of Valentine's Day and the old tournaments combined. And this in the high school—where young America is at its rawest stage, and really the most "democratic" period of its existence in the Whitman sense. They are children of Robin Hood, and of The Covered Wagon heroics.

Whitman will probably be separated from the democracy as Milton and Michael Angelo are. After all both those men had a passionately democratic theory of life, nearer Whitman's than we will admit.

But their "grand style" is a peril to artists and personal imitators. Those who come after them in democracy, in citizenship or in art, must begin again with other models, even if their final goal is the grand style. It is good medicine, but bad food. Whitman urges it upon us as food. Sandburg has taken it as medicine only.

Whitman will always survive outside the main line of tradition as a gigantic lonely individual. He cannot take the central place, for he has no heroines, not even a Juliet nor a "little shop girl." Anne Rutledge is nearer to being our ultimate sweetheart and the Virgin Mary nearer to being our ultimate Queen than all the glad Jezebels of Whitman. There is not one valentine in him. And America is a land of valentines, white lace valentines.

VACHEL LINDSAY.

On Teaching the Young Laurel to Shoot

CAN the writing of poetry be taught? To poets, yes; to others, no. There, in two sentences, is the question I asked myself at the University of California in January, 1919, and the answer I brought away in June.

When Dean Gayley offered me a class for poetic experiment and assured me complete freedom of procedure, I admitted members according to specimens of their work, letting the first-chosen students combine their judgments with mine as to doubtful cases. In this way we reduced the class from seventy-nine applicants to twenty-three members and three irregulars. In a university where a class is often a whole township, I especially realized the advantage of working with a small group. And so there were twenty-seven of us, thirteen girls and fourteen boys, and plenty of blank paper.

Every Friday afternoon, for three hours, I gathered my group around a long table. Smoking was not permitted in the university buildings, but I construed that ledges of open windows were not strictly inside; and sometimes we met under eucalyptus-trees where we needed no window-ledges, and always after hours sections of the class would adjourn to my rooms where there were no rules against smoking. In other words, I wanted the students to be at ease and natural with one another and with me. Soon we were more like a club than like a class, a chapter of widely divergent personalities, enjoying one another.

As to enjoying one another's verse, I followed the excellent plan of the Poetry Society of America. Everything was submitted to me and to the class, including verse of my own, anonymously. This lent a latitude and relish to our criticism, both attack and defence, and an interest, both amusing and surprising, to the guesses and confessions at the ends of our periods. Little by little, the lessons

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

developed. The whole class taught and the whole class learned.

In America, we believe too often that he snarls best who snarls first. Our humor is largely a humor of fear. It is an ill humor. It is like the spirit-wall a Chinese builds across his gateway. We believe that if we but make a devious entrance to our hearts mirth will not injure us. William James surmised fear of poverty to be the demon that haunted us worst. Surely the next demon in the unholy hierarchy is fear of ridicule. Afraid to be gaily exposing our hearts, we laugh at our own good qualities in others and in ourselves. Here is an immediate case in point. A girl who is honorably mentioned by the judges of the P. S. A. Undergraduate Verse-Contest for 1923, writes me from Vassar: "I seem to run to superficial subjects, and I'm afraid that flippancy is a habit with me. I think that I poke fun at my own verses in order to beat the other fellow to it!" The Berkeley class on the whole agreed with me that this is no mood in which to write poetry. Ingenuous verse stood its ground with us against clever criticism. I have noticed, since, that those of our members who were the smartest critics have become the dumbest poets. Their glitter was not gold. It was a glitter of apprehensive malice, a glitter which youth likes to exhibit, mistaking it for a flash of maturity. For the most part, however, we developed a glow rather than a glitter, a warmth of laughter rather than a chill. Like all wise mortals, we knew the need of laughter from the heart.

So they smoked and laughed and made friends, you say. What else? Well, let's see.

We discussed our favorite poets. We had poets read to us and talk with us: Vachel Lindsay, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Stella Benson, and others. We heard about Chinese poetry from Kiang Kang-hu and about Serbian poetry from Milutin Krunich. We had many other visitors, who sometimes took part in our conversations. We had one of our irregular members—Eugenia Buyko, now of Yvette Guilbert's Company in Paris—sing Russian songs to us, tell us the English meanings and patiently give us the musical beat, that we might try our hands at lyrical translation. We celebrated in a grove the centenary of Walt Whitman's birth. We remember the many townspeople who assembled with us, all sitting on the ground except one old lady so deaf that we fetched her a chair and let her perch craning in the very shadow of the speakers. We wondered where they had come from, those Whitmanites whom we had never seen before, most of them elderly people with wise and gentle faces. Von Neumayer told us about visiting the poet at Camden. Sam Hume read from Leaves of Grass. The students had written of Whitman, praising, appraising, dispraising. Their poems were read, of all three kinds. John Cowper Powys, contributing his eloquence, doubted if there had ever been a gathering in Whitman's name that the poet himself would rather have attended. Powys ended with a quotation from one of the passages prophetic of a just and generous brotherliness on earth; and a professor from the University of Chicago hissed because he thought the passage had a Bolshevik sound.

You can see what fun it was, all of it. And yet I would never do it again. Not with a new group. The old group met with me further in 1921, unofficially but regularly. That was different. We were continuing. A new group would have necessitated repetition. No. Only once that "first fine careless rapture." Similar classes have met successfully at Berkeley with W. W. Lyman and Leonard Bacon. None of us three is any longer connected with the university. The powers, I understand, attribute our absence to the fact that none of us held a doctor's degree. Doubtless each of us regards the young lives we have touched with our own lives as a composite thesis more valuable to himself and to the world than any paper in which we might have been solemnly guilty of wrapping old bones for the university. My brief experience as instructor has put me in pitying awe of teachers who have to give out of their creative selves, not progressively, not directly, but the same thing over and over again, through others, others, others, term after automatic term. It has made me wish there might be a form of conscription under which men and women eminent in this or that field of life might ardently and profitably share a year of their development with the young at our universities. There would be a freshness then and a gain for both teacher and student. But perhaps this passage has a Bolshevik sound!

Calculable results from the class? Already several of the students who had made themselves known to me have made themselves known to others. Three of them have published volumes: Stanton A. Coblentz, Hildegarde Flanner and Genevieve Taggard. Coblentz, four years ago, pleased us best as a grave young Aesop, rhyming his satire, a member more sober than lyrical; and I notice him today coming to the fore rather as critic than poet. Hildegarde Flanner was a poet from the first and has so proved herself, with a delicately firm touch. Genevieve Taggard, who had written in 1918 verse that compares well with what she has done since, began as a visiting member of the class but was soon a regular attendant and participant. Her work is now impressing outsiders with the emotional turns and subtle rhythms that impressed her smaller audience. David Greenhood, still working off his obscurities, is producing from time to time poems of importance, especially in the Hebrew rhythms which have always charmed him. Eda Lou Walton's highly distinctive short lines have become familiar to magazine-readers. With her quiet humanness and individual style, she has always seemed to me sure of a place in the poetry of her time,—thus far, if my other students will forgive me, the most likely of them all. Her translations of songs from the Navajos and Blackfeet are, in my judgment, by all odds the finest Indian poems that have been produced in English, the nearest to the spirit of their source. This may be because Miss Walton grew up among the people she is interpreting: an Indian nurse sang the songs into the little poet's heart. There are able figures to name in my class, including Vernon Patterson, a later member than the rest. But the last I shall mention now is Idella Purnell, who has not only published her own worthy verse in other people's magazines, but other people's verse (and not hers) in her own Palms, which she publishes at Guadalajara, Mexico. Critics in England as well as here, have noticed Palms as already rivalling the longer-established verse-magazines for excellence and freshness of content. This is the more remarkable in view of the fact that the young editor supports her venture from earnings in a consular office. She is her own hard-working angel.

It is natural for me to feel pride in my poets. On the other hand, as I announced at the start, they were poets when I met them. I take no credit for their gifts but only for my discernment; and I have wished to express myself here not as their teacher but as their friend and fellow-worker.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If there are others who would like to teach poets and would be interested in more specific advice resultant from my experiences, here it is. I might invest it in Freudian formulas, fashionable prescriptions for genius; but I prefer it in honest American.

Catch your poets young. Not too many of them. Knock the nonsense out of them—the affectations, the self-deceptions, the guesses toward what will seem poetry to others, the catches at vogue. Release them from the dead hand of English literature. Disabuse them of fear, disabuse them of "modestovanitas," as Lamb called false modesty. Lead them to distinguish between self-importance and self-confidence, between push and poise, between patter and poetry, between pretense and truth. Send them outdoors. Encourage them to write in the open: to give terms of themselves to the sky and, as far as possible, those same terms to their neighbor, whether or no the neighbor like it. Show them that there is neither shame nor distinction but just humanness in their being as ridiculously natural as they are prompted to be. Let them laugh. Let them smoke. Let them say or write anything which genuinely impels them, discovering among one another that honesty is the best poetry. And, above all, after you have made sure that they understand your general and particular judgments, let them, without pride or prejudice, believe their own differing judgments to be as good as yours—or better.

I asked at the outset of these remarks, "Can the writing of poetry be taught?" I answered, "To poets, yes; to others, no." And I might add in conclusion, for the unobservant, that there are more poets born than insurance-agents.

WITTER BYNNER.

A Poet and His Audience

THERE is a pervasive conviction among those intellectuals, who disseminate the most persistent pessimism regarding the American scene, that there never has been a civilized body so inhospitable to the creative spirit as the American people. While this is partially true—truer formerly than it is now—a similar criticism might be directed at other countries. Ask some of the great ghosts of Europe how their ancestral bodies earned the right to live, and how far their particular age and country supported or encouraged the creatures of their imagination. Consider the England of the past century and to what degree that highly endowed cultural aristocracy assisted the energies of Byron, Shelley and Keats—all three of whom virtually fled to other climates, and died, the first in Greece, the other two in Italy. Or recall Francis Thompson, who used to find his nightly cot under the dark, silent, empty, market baskets of Covent Garden. Or examine an earlier era, Elizabethan England itself, and perhaps the spectre of the retired tragedian of Stratford-on-Avon might confide the circumstance which urged him to relinquish the superficial glories of the London stage and to embrace the emblem of a squire on a country estate, where he died in comparative obscurity.

It seems to me that too much emphasis is laid on the problem of the American background and too little on the character of a particular artist who, whatever his environment may be, rises above its unsympathetic elements. One is constantly reminded of Whitman's famous dictum: "To have great poets, there must be great audiences too." Where on earth was the great audience which Whitman addressed? Surely not in the America of his generation? Nevertheless, Walt is easily the preëminent figure in American poetry of all time, notwithstanding the superior advantages, in the matter of audiences, enjoyed by poets of an earlier and later generation. There is clearly a decidedly larger and a much more intelligent quality of readers and listeners at present than the little, scattered handful who followed the growth of the Leaves. Compare the hobo days of Walt with the troubadour jaunts of Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Amy Lowell, Robert Frost and the rest of us who undertake periodic recital tours to this or that far-off cluster of communities which invite us to take to the road. The average audience is by no means perfect. The road problem is extremely difficult, and its attempted solution is constantly waylaid or interrupted by obstacles, hallucinations and disappointments, with exhaustion ever ready to seize and force you back to the comforts of an easier way. Enthusiasm, however, is always a match for exhaustion, especially when the emotion has been created, quickened and sustained by the eager hospitality, not necessarily mixed with immediate understanding, which greets you so generously in successive communities. The growth in the past few years of organizations devoted to the interests of contemporary poetry has been astonishing indeed, and the effort made by the members in bringing speakers from places in some cases one, two and three thousand miles distant is well nigh quixotic. Moreover, the organizations are not confined to progressive student bodies. In one quarter of the country, a club of workingmen will send the invitation, in another, a poetry society, or a little theatre or a woman's club. When one has travelled to certain small manufacturing towns and found poetry groups aggregating two hundred members, one is justified in questioning the absolute pessimism with which adverse critics at present view the American background.

Poetry is not, never was and never can be a precious, self-sufficient, studio affair. Expression worthy of the name may have been composed in the secrecy of an ivory tower, but it cannot be locked up; nor is it an exchange of compliments solely reserved between a man and his material. From this, it must not be deduced that a man writes, paints or thumbs clay with the audience in view. He is possessed by, impelled to struggle with a given mood, to express or have it express him; but he cannot remove his hand from the material until the latter is impressed with a final plasticity in which the mood and the form are so closely welded as not to be definable, one from the other. The personal has grown so impersonal that it becomes the spiritual property of any reader, beholder, listener, who cares enough to give himself to whatever the work has in it to give him. He may misinterpret the composition—he usually does—but without him, the most immortal lines would rot away. I once prodded Max Beerbohm, who has isolated himself for the past fifteen years in a small hermitage in the Italian Riviera, as to the secret of his impeccable style and lucidity of utterance. "It looks so easy," I concluded. "Yes," he answered, "because I work so hard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—nobody works harder than I do. I never leave one sentence for another until I'm as certain as I can be that the hypothetical fellow across the sea who is to read this when I'm through with it has an impression of the meaning almost identical to mine when I wrote it. If he is puzzled to the extent of reading a single sentence twice, my labor is incomplete. Even so," he concluded, "our hypothetical friend is doubtless rather rare."

Assuredly, the deeper, the loftier, the more farreaching a man's appeal, the slower the recognition he will receive, especially where the response must assume the proportions of economic maintenance. And nowhere, at no time, could conditions have been more discouraging than those which confronted, surrounded and penetrated the very small vanguard of poets in this country who antedated the war. How these few survived the earlier years of the present century should provide a chapter of heroic proportions to the future historian.

Robert Frost has recently paraphrased those days in a beautifully reticent poem which first appeared in the New Republic, under the title, Our Singing Strength. After describing the coming of a snowstorm in spring, he refers to certain birds as

> Some that have come too far north back away;
> Really a very few to build and stay . . .

and describes the wintry road to which they were reduced:

> So there they let their lives be narrowed in
> By thousands the bad weather made akin . . .

With a characteristic gesture, compact of ironic detachment and a clear recognition of the values to be won from suffering, the poet concludes:

> Well, something for a snowstorm to have shown
> The country's singing strength thus brought together,
> That though repressed and moody with the weather,
> Was none the less there ready to be freed
> And sing the wild flowers up from root and seed.

Fondling these days in retrospect, and the starved isolation into which one was thrust, perhaps the surest memory, the one which persists and looms higher than all the other relics of the period is that which recalls the other strange beings one first encountered in very occasional, out-of-the-way corners of periodicals. One did a great deal of wondering about those queer birds; one clung to their first songs as tenaciously as one clung to one's own; one felt, somehow, that if one was ever to survive the terrific years of a silent campaign in New York itself, it would not be due so much to the inexplicable faith one had, at times, in oneself (a faith one had to have or expire); as it would be due to the companionship one experienced with the other solitaries in the snowstorm. These beings were the "hypothetical fellow" with whom one shared one's initial effort. Audience or no audience, these men sufficed at the time. If I were asked to reply to a recent intellectual who proposed the skeptical query: "Has American life made room for poetry?"—I should answer: "Yes, because it has had to." The artists of one generation are the forces which create the background of the next.

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

But, My Dear Shelley—

> We are come to an age when we ought to read and speak plainly what our discretion tells us is fit: we are not to be set in a corner for mockery and derision, with our hands hanging down motionless, and our pockets turned inside-out.
>
> —Landor, Imaginary Conversations.

I AM not concerned with definitions and estimates. That had better be left to the critics. I do not advocate any slogan, any method above any other method, whether it be the touchstone or the brimstone or the soapstone method. That had better be left to the poets. I am a lay reader. The Ivory Tower will pass serene judgment upon the singers of our generation; the divine remnant will perform the carmagnole in ecstatic approval or thrust thumbs down in derisive ho-ho's! And there will be calla lilies a plenty and immortelles and sardónic oblivion.

So much for this and that. I am rather concerned with a Freshman who once got excited about poetry. He exploded, "I don't give a damn who writes the stuff or how or what the fool thing means. If I get a kick out of it, that's enough. All I know is that when I tackle a bird like, say, Johnny Keats, it's like— like— oh, hell, I'm rotten at this highbrow patter! But, now listen, you've tinkered with the radio? Well, it's like tuning in with the infinite [the word came desperately], only to find your wave-length too short!"

That fellow floored me. Admit the primitive persuasion, the juvenile crudity of it all. Nevertheless, there is this to be said: that the boy had discovered, in his own way, the essential music—and mystery—of passionately great art. I was content.

"There is not a creed," once declared Matthew Arnold—he might as a matter of fact have been addressing us at the moment—"there is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition whch does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea *is* the fact. The strongest part of our religion today is its unconscious poetry."

It is hardly our intention to plunge into the dark backward and abysm for authority or text. It may be convenient for Women's Clubs to pigeonhole the poets, put them into groups, viz. the old war horses, the revolters, the chaotics, the reactionaries. We recall Coleridge: "It is the mark of a dull and obtuse mind that must divide in order to distinguish." That is true enough and moth-eaten enough, God wot. Of course we can never adequately measure our debt, as lovers of poetry and believers in poetry, to those flagellants, those dervishes who by frenzies and mortifications gave blood to Madame Muse when the dear lady lay supine, pale, withered at the dugs. To their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

audacity we make obeisance. We pronounce it plainly that, but for Amy Lowell and Vachel Lindsay and Carl Sandburg and the first furious cohorts, we should even now be diluting sugar with water, prescribing opiates of sweetness and light; we should be rehearsing the hocus-pocus of a creed outworn and mumbling stereotyped consolations out of some dusty kabbalah. "Now it appears to me that almost any man may, like the spider, spin from his own inwards his own airy Citadel—the points of leaves and twigs on which the spider begins her work are few, and she fills her air with a beautiful circuiting."

We could continue this Magnificat, praising the dark singing strength of Edwin Arlington Robinson, the brown earth quality of Robert Frost, the exquisite craftsmanship, the sub-acidity, the needle-point statement of line we find in the work of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Elinor Wylie, Louise Bogan, and the pythonesses. Our giving of garlands is discriminate, unprejudiced. What Conrad Aiken has termed the "lusty corybantic cacophony" receives its laurel with the others. Poetry, for us, is greater than the individual poet, the coterie of poets. And poetry has profited by all these. There is less anarchy perhaps, less range, less tumultuous productivity, less of the bizarre and the barbaric; but, as the number of lamps is diminished, the height of the flame is increased.

If poetry, at its best, "redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man," dare we not hope for the best? A little space ago I quoted from Arnold to the effect that it is to poetry we must turn for that sustaining, that informing spirit which religion as such has forgotten how to give. Let me forthwith disclaim every imputation of odorous sanctity. I am obviously not presenting a brief for the evangelical virtues of verse. That would be as flagrant a distortion of my purpose as the pietistic is of any valid exaltation! I had rather be a dog and bay the moon!

No, I cleave to the thought solely that when our poets have come into their full inheritance they may once again restore the grandeur of pale-mouthed prophecy to the glory of their trumpets; that they may become, as by their very birthright and being they are charged to become, "the teachers, who draw into a certain propinquity with the beautiful and the true, that partial apprehension of the agencies of the invisible world which is called religion." They alone can go up to make augury for us before the jealous gods; they—"the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present;" they—"the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

The Springs of Poetry

WHEN he sets out to resolve, as rationally as he may, the tight irrational knot of his emotion, the poet hesitates for a moment. Unless the compulsion be absolute, as is rarely the case, the excitement of the resolution sets in only after this pause, filled with doubt and terror. He would choose anything, anything, rather than the desperate task before him: a book, music, or talk and laughter. Almost immediately the interruption is found, and the emotion diverted, or the poem is begun, and the desperation has its use.

The author of the Poetica recognized this necessary intensity when he wrote that distress and anger are most faithfully portrayed by one who is feeling them at the moment, that poetry demands a man with a special gift for it, or else one with a touch of madness in him. Few poems are written in that special authentic rage because even a poet has a great many uses for grief and anger, beyond putting them into a poem. The poem is always a last resort. In it the poet makes a world in little, and finds peace, even though, under complete focused emotion, the evocation be far more bitter than reality, or far more lovely.

Sometimes the poet does not entirely succeed in diverting his energies. He expresses himself, determined to take a holiday from any emotion at all, being certain that to hear, see, smell and touch, merely, is enough. His hand has become chilled, from being held too long against the ground to feel how it is cold; his mind flinches at cutting down once again into the dark with the knife of irony or analysis.

So he writes a poem at third, fourth, or fifth hand, bred out of some delicate fantastic ruse of the brain. Even though at its best a poem cannot come straight out of the heart, but must break away in some oblique fashion from the body of sorrow or joy,—be the mask, not the incredible face,—yet the synthetic poem can never be more than a veil dropped before a void. It may sound, to change the images, in ears uninitiate to the festival, but never to those, who, having once heard, can recognize again the maenad cry.

It would seem best, in order that his temptation to second-rate work be kept negligible, that for long periods the poet himself be his only audience. He has no business with the shifting criteria with which each little year would charge him. He should have no thought of a descending scale of editors to whom his best and his worst may be fed.

One would wish for the poet a stern countryside that could claim him completely, identify him rigidly as its own under the color of every season. He should be blessed by the power to write behind clenched teeth, to subsidize his emotion by every trick and pretense so that it trickle out through other channels, if it be not essential to speech,—blessed too, by a spirit as loud as a houseful of alien voices, ever tortured and divided with itself. And most completely blessed by that reticence celebrated by the old prophetic voice: "I kept silent, even from good words . . . the fire kindled, and at the last I spoke with my tongue." Under the power of such reticence, in which passion is made to achieve its own form, definite and singular, those poems were written that keep an obscure name still alive, or live when the name of their author is forgotten. Speaking thus, as though the very mind had a tongue, Yeats achieves his later work: poems terribly beautiful, in which the hazy adverbial quality has no place, built of sentences reduced to the bones of noun, verb, and preposition.

This is the further, the test simplicity, in the phrase of Alice Meynell, sprung from the passion of which every poet will always be afraid, but to which he should vow himself forever.

LOUISE BOGAN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why We Don't Read Poetry

THAT poetry is not read must be admitted even by those who think it is.

Of course the existence of an enthusiasm for verse on the part of a few readers and almost as many writers cannot be denied. But speaking in a comparative world, I speak comparatively. Periodicals of fiction circulate by the million; the most popular poetry magazine has by report only a few thousand subscribers. Six million people go daily to the movies; dozens of theatres are jammed nightly in the greatest cities, and crowds flock to hear the opinions of European literati. At most a few dozen gather together here and there at the same time to listen to poetry or to talk about it. Novels run into sales of hundreds of thousands; a sale of twelve hundred copies is a failure. But notable books of poetry sell by the hundred, and a thousand is the token of success. We are not reading poetry.

In our failure to do so—when it is honestly admitted, there is assumed to be something of a mystery. It is said that poets were never such competent craftsmen as they are now, that the amount of good poetry being produced is astonishingly large. Those who say this cannot see why the interest in poetry should lag. They know there was once a tremendous response to poetic creation. Romeo and Hamlet, they remember, were a London rage, Chevy Chace was daily in men's mouths, Pope's Iliad outsold Defoe, and Scott's lays were as eagerly bought and wept over as his novels. They cannot understand the feebleness of poetry today. They regard each flicker of public demand as likely to leap into an explosion. They make hopeful talk over each new poetic name. They cannot understand why hopes of poetry come still-born or die in infancy, why, in a world where Main Streets rush into the hundred thousands, volumes of Lowell, Sandburg, and Aiken strain to make a thousand. Masefield sells like a novel only to leave them the more bewildered that he alone among poets should do so.

Yet it is doubtful if there is much mystery about the modern indifference to poetry. Poetry itself supplies a sufficient explanation for its own neglect. Men and women read, after all, something that is useful, to them. They wish to get in a novel a vivid substitute for life which, perhaps, is better than the real thing, or at least embellishes it. They wish to get in the drama interesting characters to live with and ideas to think and talk about. In poetry they doubtless look for a similar usefulness. And it must be confessed that modern poetry disappoints them.

To be sure, a great deal of it is rhythmically beautiful. Some of it—like Sandburg's chants and Frost's narratives—attempts with a measure of success to make pictures or stories of the life we know. Some of it promises a vivid dream world—like Conrad Aiken's faintly colored rhythms. But, with some moderate successes conceded, poetry in general today does not even attempt the creation of a compelling and therefore useful illusion. It evokes moods inexplicable in ordinary speech and often outside common experience. It chases its own tail in the artistic vicious circle of pure description. Its best philosophy sinks under rhythmic embroidery and the tedious excitement of its own hortative tone. In narrative and drama the poet seems studiously to avoid anything tangible enough to serve in different form for a short story, a novel, or a Broadway play. The exceptional creator who dares the natural and vivid moves under a sense of rebuke. Masefield and Frost have actually received critical sentence because their tales "might have been done in prose." Nobody told Broadway officially that Clemence Dane's Will Shakespeare was verse. When Maxwell Anderson's White Desert was being rehearsed, the actors received their parts typed in prose so that they might not be embarrassed by the responsibility of "putting over" poetry.

Of course this is handicapping poetry as no other art is handicapped. Fiction is forbidden no aspect of life. It makes its illusions useful to millions. The drama, with as great a freedom of subject and a more vivid form of expression, creates pictures and problems that become daily talk. The writing of opinion achieves a directness provoking assent or disagreement, and stirs its pondering, its indignation, its applause. Poetry alone among the forms of literature seems to have been edged out of life, limited by other forms of art to subjects too vague and sapless for their use.

Poetry was once the mother of proverbs. Today a poet must not be didactic.

Poetry was the source of fiction and for centuries its chiefest fount. Now if a story is really good as a story it must be told in prose.

Poetry once included all forms of drama. Today the poet must not poach in the preserves of the serious play, and much less in those of farce or comedy.

In other words, the present conventions of his craft forbid the poet to do anything vital. He obeys them in the main, and wonders why his writing goes unread.

Of course it would be unjust to blame the poet too severely for what is his misfortune. He has had to accept or oppose almost universal conceptions, and it must be said for him that he has not always accepted. But his battle—evident in the challenge of old forms, the battering at the walls of poetic diction, the incursions into modern realism—has not won much for him. And it is not kindness to persuade the poet he has had a victory when all the tokens are of a repulse.

The poet may never be able to make poetry useful again. It was useful a thousand, even a hundred years ago, but the usefulness has in a great measure gone out of it, and it is not easy to put back into an art something that has departed. Yet plainly, if the magic is to be restored it must be by the simple process of taking back from those who took from poetry. The poet must compete successfully with the now vital forms of literature. He must seize his readers with the imperious force of a great novelist or a great playwright. Of course this does not mean that his poetry will be any the less poetry. It rather means that in becoming more life it will become more poetry. It means that if the verse form is to survive importantly, it must satisfy the poetic craving in humanity with the fundamental in story, dialogue, and idea. In all these poetry is now weak. The Everlasting Mercy is probably the greatest poetic narrative of the century. It illustrates the poetic failing of the century in decorating a second-rate story with first-rate verse. In whatever field he writes, the new poet at his best must aim higher than that.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books for All Readers on the Scribner Christmas Book-Shelf

By MICHAEL PUPIN

From Immigrant to Inventor

This amazing life story of a great American scientist, once a Serbian herdsboy, unfolds an inspiring romance of science. *Second printing. Illustrated.* $4.00

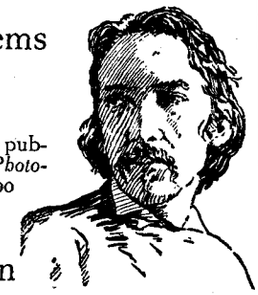
By PROFESSOR A. T. OLMSTEAD

History of Assyria

This colorful account of the life cycle of a great empire is one of the finest historical narratives ever written. *Illustrated.* $7.50

The Complete Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson

Many of them never before published except in a limited edition. *Photogravure portrait.* $4.00



The Short Stories of Robert Louis Stevenson

The first one-volume collection. $2.50

By WILLIAM HARRIS ARNOLD

Ventures in Book Collecting

Second printing

A book of rare charm. *With photographs and facsimiles.* $3.50

A Son at the Front
By Edith Wharton
"Extraordinary power and beauty."—Wm. Lyon Phelps. $2.00

Captures
By John Galsworthy
Stories by a master of the short-story form. Fourth printing. $2.00

Tut, Tut! Mr. Tutt
By Arthur Train
Eight new episodes. Third printing. $2.00

The Hope of Happiness
By Meredith Nicholson
A fine and engrossing modern novel. $2.00

Lazy Laughter
By Woodward Boyd
A brilliant new novel by the author of "The Love Legend." $2.00

Holland Under Queen Wilhelmina
By Prof. A. J. Barnouw
A concise and interesting history. Illustrated. $3.00

The Children's Bible
By H. A. Sherman and C. F. Kent
Fifth large printing. Approved by clergy and educators everywhere. $3.50

By the RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

The World Crisis, 1915

The second book in a great masterwork of historical writing, dealing with the most dramatic year of the war. *With maps.* $6.50

By the same author:

The World Crisis, 1911-1914 *With maps.* $6.50

By WALTER DAMROSCH

My Musical Life

These recollections of perhaps the best-known figure in the musical world of America form one of the most readable and illuminating musical memoirs ever published. *Illustrated.* $4.00

By PROFESSOR JOHN C. VAN DYKE

Rembrandt and His School

This is the book which is receiving so much attention in the art world. *Limited to 1,200 copies. With many illustrations.* $12.00

By PROFESSOR E. M. EAST

Mankind at the Crossroads

A startling book by the former Acting Chief of the Statistics Division of the United States Food Administration which shows the world to be dangerously near the margin of starvation. *Illustrated.* $3.50

By WM. LYON PHELPS

As I Like It

Brilliant and witty discussions of the books, plays, and timely questions of the day by a foremost critic. $2.00

New Books for Boys and Girls

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S Quentin Durward

celebrates its hundredth anniversary this year by appearing in a new edition with beautiful full-color illustrations by C. BOSSERON CHAMBERS. $3.50

By KENNETH GRAHAME

The Wind in the Willows

A new edition, with delightful illustrations in color and line by NANCY BARNHART. $3.00

ONE-DOLLAR EDITION

The Americanization of Edward Bok

Fourth very large printing of this edition, the 28th printing of this book. $1.00

ONE-DOLLAR EDITION

Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children

With facsimiles of the picture-letters. Second large printing of this edition. $1.00

Companionable Books
By Henry van Dyke
"Dr. van Dyke's work at its best. That best, to the minds of some of us at any rate, is also the actual and positive best which the craft of criticism in the English language has in recent years produced. Such praise may sound superlative, but is none the less deliberate."
—Sir Sidney Colvin.
Fourth large printing. Cloth, $2.00; leather, $3.00

American Artists
By Royal Cortissoz
Studies of many of the most significant figures in American painting. $3.00

From McKinley to Harding
By H. H. Kohlsaat
An illuminating volume of reminiscences by one who was "brutal friend" to five Presidents. Illustrated. $3.00

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 597 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Please mention The New Republic when writing to advertisers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DANCE OF LIFE

HAVELOCK ELLIS

"The philosophy of the greatest thinker of our day."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.* "One of the few great books of the century."—*Benjamin De Casseres.* "One of the most beautiful and most thrilling books I ever read."—*Ben Ray Redman.*
(Sixth printing) $4.00

RIVERSIDE BOOKSHELF

An ideal library for boys and girls beautifully made and illustrated in full color by E. Boyd Smith, Tenggren, Harold Brett, Heath Robinson and Kleber Hall. Now ready. The Story of a Bad Boy, A Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales, Two Years Before the Mast, Robinson Crusoe, Water Babies, Autobiography of Franklin, Ivanhoe.
Each $2.00. *Send for prospectus.*

RICHARD OLNEY

HENRY JAMES

As Attorney-General and Secretary of State during the Cleveland Administration Richard Olney had a notable share in moulding America's destiny. *Illustrated,* $5.00

CIVILIZATION and the MICROBE

ARTHUR I. KENDALL

An eminent bacteriologist illuminates, in non-technical language, the most fascinating realm that modern science has yet discovered. Illustrated. $2.50

LONDON

WILLIAM PAGE

Its origin and early development by one of England's most distinguished historical writers. $5.00

ROBERT E. LEE: A PLAY

JOHN DRINKWATER

"Admirably successful in the delineation of Lee."—Gamaliel Bradford in the *New York Evening Post.* $1.50

THE SOUL OF THE CITY

An anthology of urban verse. Compiled by GARLAND GREEVER and JOSEPH M. BACHELOR. $1.75

THE OLDER UNIVERSITIES OF ENGLAND

ALBERT MANSBRIDGE

Not merely an historical account of Oxford and Cambridge colleges, but an interpretation of their place in the intellectual, political, and religious history of England and the world. With an introduction by Samuel E. Morison. *Illustrated,* $2.50

New Books for "N

FROM

HOUGHTON M

MY RHINEL

General Hl

The frank and intimate diary of the cc the one American who was in the positi Americans who seek impartial and authorit find it in this book.

JAPANESE POETRY

CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

A complete history of Japanese poetry with translations two hundred poems.
Illustrated in color from Japanese prints. $5.

SOCIAL LIFE IN EGYPT

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE

Daily life, art, fashions, etc., described by the foremost Egy tologist. Makes ancient Egypt as vivid as modern America. $2.

DIPLOMATIC PORTRAIT

W. P. CRESSON

Famous statesmen of the period of the Monroe Doctrine br liantly portrayed. *Illustrated.* $3.

FORTY YEARS IN MY BOOKSHOP

WALTER T. SPENCER

Reminiscences of one of England's most famous rare boc dealers. "A gossiply enjoyable volume no book-lover shoul miss."—*British Weekly.* *Lavishly illustrated.* $6.c

A NEW HISTOR

THE NATIO

Edited by J

This new history of the world is a wor the direction of Mr. Buchan, by more th expert in the field he covers. By discardi realities, the authors have produced a histor the widest practical value to men and wome lished this fall: France, Japan, Italy, Yug States. *Send for prospectus.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Republic" Readers

LIST OF

'LIN COMPANY

D JOURNAL

T. ALLEN

er of our Army of Occupation on the Rhine. ughout to understand the Ruhr problem. formation on the European situation can

Illustrated. $6.00

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

JOSEPH QUINCY ADAMS

'Prof. Adams, I believe, has come nearest to a legitimate l authentic portrait."—*Wm. A. Neilson. Illustrated.* $7.50

TENNYSON

HAROLD NICOLSON

'Exactly the kind of provocative book to add zest to a new luation of the nineteenth century."—*New York Times.* $4.00

HANDEL

NEWMAN FLOWER

A definitive biography that illuminates not only Handel but entire period. *Lavishly illustrated.* $7.50

GARRULITIES OF AN Octogenarian Editor

HENRY HOLT

Sixty years as a publisher are covered in this volume of nial reminiscences and illuminating sketches of famous men d women. $4.00

THE WORLD OF TODAY

BUCHAN

e first historical importance written, under hundred and twenty contributors, each an essentials, and concentrating on the vital e any that has hitherto been written, and of lay. The following volumes will be pub- British-America, Baltic and Caucasian

Each. $5.00

DAMAGED SOULS

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

"Biography at its best revealing with the accuracy of science, and the beauty of art, the very soul."—*Boston Herald.* "A stupendous and arresting book. Nothing short of a triumph."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

(Fifth printing) *Illus.*, $3.50

MY GARDEN OF MEMORY

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Here are the same sprightliness, gaiety, unquenchable zest that made her own delightful Penelope so engaging a figure." —*N. Y. Post.* *Illustrated.* $5.00

THE PRAISE OF FOLLY

BLISS PERRY

Literary essays by the Professor of English at Harvard on Poetry and Progress, Emerson's Savings Bank, Wilson as a Man of Letters, Literary Criticism in American Periodicals, etc. $2.00

THE CHEERFUL GIVER

SAMUEL MC CHORD CROTHERS

Delightful sketches by one of America's best known essayists including "Satan Among the Biographers," "New Poets and Poets Not So New," "The Literary Taste of My Great-Grandmother," "The Laboratory Method in Morals." $2.00

GROUPS AND COUPLES

FRANCES LESTER WARNER

A domestic symphony by the author of "Endicott and I," and "Life's Minor Collisions." $1.75

THE PROVERBS OF GOYA

BLAMIRE YOUNG

An important contribution to our knowledge of the great eighteenth century Spanish painter.

Thirty-two illustrations. $2.50

THE COLLECTOR'S WHATNOT

A guide to semi-antiqueing and a monument to the mustache-cup period. Delicious nonsense. *Frightfully illustrated.* $2.50

THE PIPER, a periodical devoted to books and their authors, will be sent free on application to Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When he does, his singing will count. Some have said our poetry is feeble because we lack "faith." If they were right, it would be a case of our having enough faith to do vital prose and not enough for vital poetry. It is true that there is vital prose because prose writers believe in their stories and ideas. But this belief is not religious; it is mere self-respect. It is this and this only which the poet must achieve. And if he achieves it, he will be well on his way to a new power.

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

Jewelled Bindings

I HAVE purloined my title, as I am fond of doing, from the literary imagination of another, to whom my thanks are hereby offered. John Webster furnished me with Nets to Catch the Wind; I took Black Armour from Lionel Johnson; to the anonymous author of an announcement of a sale at the Anderson galleries I am indebted for this present caption. The phrase, as it originally stood upon the pages of a fairly prominent review, was Superb Jewelled Bindings, but I am forced to let the sumptuous qualification go the way of all too many brave things, and thus sink into oblivion. The bindings of which I propose to write are hardly superb; they are elaborate, neat, enamelled, elegant, perhaps exquisite, but they lack the vast suavity of the truly superb in art. They are the bindings, the spiritual bonds, the sharp and delicately turned shapes and forms which so decoratively constrict the essence of contemporary lyric verse.

Permit me to quote from the picturesque bit of prose whence my title was stolen. "Surrounding this is a large wreath of laurel, tied with a mauve ribbon, and studded with fifty-eight pearls set in gold. Disposed around the cover are two hundred and twenty-three garnets and four opals. The design of the back cover is equally brilliant and contains forty-eight garnets, eight opals, eight moonstones, twenty-eight turquoises, twelve blue chalcedonies, two hundred and fifty-four amethysts, and nine topazes. There are scores of similar bindings, elaborate in design and lavish in the use of precious stones."

Surrounding what, you may well ask? At the Anderson Galleries all this intricacy surrounds Some Poems by John Keats, but in the curious museum of our own time some, nay many, poems by eminent young lyricists appear, if not similarly tied with mauve ribbon, at least painstakingly inlaid with seven moonstones and twelve blue chalcedonies. The large laurel wreath, though it has not yet been permanently awarded, has been bespoke by several, and he is poor indeed who cannot afford a few garnets and amethysts, or a mild freshwater pearl.

So I figure us to myself, dwindled to the jewel brightness of the picture in a camera obscura, hunched over our filing and fitting, careful lapidaries, clever goldsmiths, excellent workmen for the most part, but a thought too intent upon the binding. Of course there are obvious exceptions; your personal predilections will supply their names. If I hesitate to say that I am one of the chief offenders, it is only because a writer's claim to distinction, even in crime, annoys the intelligent reader. So—bowing always in the direction of the obvious exceptions—let me refer to us as a group, enchanted by a midas-touch or a colder silver madness into workers in metal and glass, in substances hard and brittle, in crisp and sharp-edged forms. From this company I exclude all persons whose poetry the Dial will publish, whether their lines rhyme or no. I include only the lyric poets, more or less young, entirely modern, who are, among a hundred and something million Americans, leaving little verse unto that enormous clan.

When I say little, I mean literally diminutive; short lines, clear small stanzas, brilliant and compact. I don't mean inferior or contemptible or negligible. Neither do I mean great.

One of the most enchanting conceits of the eighteenth century was the enamelled snuff-box, which opened to reveal not brown tobacco dust but a bright and singing bird. And although some few of our modern boxes have nothing but powdery dryness under their neat painted lids, most of them are music-boxes, whose gilded birds repeat a fine variety of tunes, melodious, bitter, passionate, or intellectual, as the case may be. And for this sort of singing a small jewelled receptacle of two or three well-polished stanzas is no bad thing; it is comfortable and fitting. Did I suspect for a moment, as in my own case I have not dared to suspect, that my bird was a live one, I should let him out.

I should let him out into freedom, but not necessarily into free verse. I should try to remember that he was born in a snuff-box, and be prepared to build him another house, a stone dovecote or a wicker cage, according to his nature. I should let him perch in the groves of Academe if he liked, or upon a bramble bush of ballads. If he were a real bird he would know his own mind, and his own music.

But the question remains unanswered, in my opinion at least, as to whether we have shut up any eagles or nightingales in our snuff-boxes. And I believe we are good workmen, dexterous and clean in our handling of gold and silver and precious—or even semi-precious—stones. I believe we are careful and conscientious, but not so much so as our detractors declare. I think rather that we have found a manner which very justly encloses our matter, a letter which very nicely defines our spirit. As to the decoration, the setting of words transparent or opaque in a pattern upon our jewelled bindings, I am by no means ready to discard it. It is a deliberate art, perhaps, but as such it is a discipline and a struggle not to be too impetuously scorned. If our spirit is greater than the thing that holds it, it will go free of its own accord; our work is notoriously brittle, and I have no fear that its forms will ever imprison an authentic genius. And, in the remote possibility that some of us are not geniuses, but only adroit and talented young people with a passion for writing verse, it may be an excellent thing after all that we have cultivated a small clean technique. A number of minor poets are far better employed in being brittle and bright and metallic than in being soft and opulently luscious. It keeps the workshop tidier, and leaves a little elbow-room in which the very great may move their hammers and chisels in serenity.

ELINOR WYLIE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Selecting Books for Holiday Gifts or for your own Library consult these lists

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Among Pygmies and Gorillas
By PRINCE WILLIAM OF SWEDEN
On big game hunting and exploration in Africa and both Americas. $8.00

The Eight Paradises
By PRINCESS G. V. BIBESCO
Travel pictures of great individuality, wonderfully reproducing the atmosphere of Persia. $2.50

Below the Snow Line
By DOUGLAS FRESHFIELD
An account of walking tours among the lesser ranges full of beauty and always accessible. $7.00

Children of the Sun
By W. J. PERRY
A fascinating study of ancient ruins which seem to have their origin in Egypt, through a lost civilization. $8.00

My Notebooks at Home and Abroad
By HARRY DE WINDT
Glimpses of places and people whom this famous globe-trotter is glad to have seen. $5.00

The Old Road
By HILAIRE BELLOC
A delightful survey of the ancient way from Winchester to Canterbury and of the life that has streamed along it. $2.50

Switzerland in Summer
By W. and C. CADBY
Exactly what your friend who is planning a trip to Switzerland will find most useful. $2.00

Things Seen on the Riviera
By CAPT. L. RICHARDSON

Things Seen on the Italian Lakes
By LAURA M. RAGG
The latest issues in the convenient series of illustrated pocket guide-books. Each, $1.50

Bologna
By ALETHEA WIEL
A new volume in the well-known Medieval Towns series. $2.00

BIOGRAPHY, REMINISCENCES, ETC.

The Emperor Nicholas II as I Knew Him
By SIR JOHN HANBURY WILLIAMS
Who knew him intimately during the years 1914-'17. $6.00

My Windows on the Street of the World
By JAMES MAYOR, Ph.D.
Author of "An Economic History of Russia." He has traveled widely and his comments on economic and social conditions are both interesting and valuable. Two vols. $12.00

The Tapestry of Life
By RAYMOND BLATHWAYT
An amazingly varied number of social contacts have left these pictures on the author's memory. $3.50

Recollections of a Rolling Stone
By BASIL TOZER
A frank and racy tale of "rolling 'round" with a roving millionaire, of acting as publicity man for artists on concert tour, etc. $6.00

The Master of the Russian Ballet
By OLGA RACSTER
Who, in recounting the memories of the famous Cav. Enrico Cecchetti, tells the story of the past fifty years of the ballet, since nearly every well-known dancer was among his pupils. Illustrated. $8.00

Letters from W. H. Hudson to Edward Garnett
Showing the ripening of his friendship for the man who was through many years an intimate friend and literary adviser. $7.00

Celebrities
By COULSON KERNAHAN
A charming book rich in witty anecdotes and bits of serious appreciation. $6.00

Carlyle till Marriage
By DAVID ALEC WILSON
The first volume of the long-promised life by the author of "Froude and Carlyle." $6.00

The Chevalier de Boufflers
By NESTA H. WEBSTER
"One of the most interesting love stories in the world," says William Lyon Phelps. $6.00

Memories
By LORD REDESDALE
The best record of the events of English life during the half century before the war. In two vols. $12.00

HOW EAST MEETS WEST

Three illuminating books by DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

Kari the Elephant
The story of what a boy of nine and a young elephant taught each other on the edge of the jungle. Illustrated. $2.00

Jungle Beasts and Men
Tells of the wander-year of two Bengali lads in their teens going from shrine to shrine in Northern India seeking truth. Illustrated. $2.00

Caste and Outcast
A remarkable story of the childhood of a Bengali Brahman who later comes to America to study the wisdom of the West. His contacts of all sorts are very interestingly described. $3.00

HISTORY, ETC.

The Lion and the Rose
By ETHEL RICHARDSON
The story of the famous house of Howard so linked with the history of England from before the Conquest through the world war. Illustrated. Two vols. $12.00

The Medici, 1400-1743
By COL. G. F. YYOUNG
The only complete record of a family whose history is practically that of European art, science and civilization. 100 portraits, etc. Two vols. $12.00

America and the Atlantic
By Vice-Admiral BALLARD
Author of "The Influence of the Sea on the Political History of Japan." $5.00

The French Revolution
By NESTA H. WEBSTER
A story in democracy. $5.00

A History of the French People
By GUY DE LA BATUT and GEORGES FRIEDMAN
With an Introduction by Henri Barbusse. $3.00

A History of the Greek People
By WILLIAM MILLER
A needed explanation of the tangled events of the last century. $2.00

Russia's Women
By NINA N. SELIVANOVA
A study of the status of women in Russia at different times, and of her probable influence upon the future of Russia. $3.00

The Coaching Era
By VIOLET WILSON
There is a note of joyous adventuring in this picture of English life before the railroads came that is fascinating. $5.00

Beasts, Men and Gods
By FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI
A book which is at once absorbing adventure and a startling glimpse into what is going on in Mongolia. $3.00

An Englishwoman in Angora
By GRACE ELLISON
A first-hand report of the new Nationalist government in Turkey, its officials and their aims. $6.00

Salmon and Trout Angling
By "CORRIGEEN" (J. Adams)
Wherever sport is best there he has fished and here he shares his pleasures with the reader. Illustrated. $6.00

Fishing from the Earliest Times
By WILLIAM RADCLIFFE
A splendid gift to any devotee of the rod. $10.00

Chasing and Racing
By HARDING COX
Reminiscences from the well-known sporting editor, the best informed man on the turf and a racy writer. $5.00

My Golfing Life
SANDY HERD'S Recollections as told to CLYDE FOSTER
Packed with good golfing stories and incidental lessons from a champion. $5.00

MISCELLANEOUS

Sunwise Turn
By MADGE JENNISON
An intimate delightful account of the perilous adventure of running a book-shop. $2.00

Sheep of the Shepherd
By LILLIAN A. NORTH
Albert Payson Terhune calls it "a beautiful book—of its sort a great book." $2.00

FOR CHILDREN

The Black-Eyed Puppy
By KATHARINE PYLE
Illustrated by the author. $2.00

The Giant of Apple Pie Hill
By MIRIAM CLARK POTTER
Author of "The Pinafore Pocket Story-Book." $2.50

A Paris Pair
By BEATRICE and BARBARA BROWN
Fascinating pictures and verses on a French child's day. $1.00

Farmtown Tales
By MARY WOLFE THOMPSON
A charming mingling of humor and fact. Illustrated. $1.50

Little Lucia and Her Puppy
By MABEL L. ROBINSON
Author of "Little Lucia." $1.50

Send for a list of "Books for Children" and for "Books for Holiday Gifts"—catalogs sent free to any address

E. P. DUTTON & CO., *Publishers*, 681 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Black Armour

Black Armour, by Elinor Wylie. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.75.

THERE is a difference, albeit a difference without present distinction, between the arts of expression and expression in the arts. At least there has come to be such a difference in poetry. Poetry which was once an art of communication by words has developed in the hands of some of its modern masters into an art of words extraordinarily uncommunicative. Not representation but form is its end; not the persuasion of the mind through the imagination, but the enchantment of the imagination out of mind. Such poetry does not so much use words as arrange them. It does not march them out in rows loaded with tremendous meanings, but sets them dancing in figures and lets who will be charmed. It argues that words are after all only the names of images and impressions, and these images and impressions, rather than their significance in thought, are the realities of the art. Thus it is no more an abuse of words to use them as the materials of a plastic art than it is an abuse of stone to carve it with mortuary arguments.

This poetry, for reasons which must seem sufficiently obvious to those who still believe in mental differences between women and men, has been most successfully developed by women. It is a sensuous, almost a tangible poetry, and women, if, again, one still believes in women, comprehend such things. They are too profoundly earthed in their own flesh and bones to relish that vague abstractedness which so concerns the male. Men are, after all, the leaves of the tree and it behooves them to be philosophical. They are related to their children at second hand and to their fathers by report alone and they understand what it is to die. But women who are their own mothers and daughters can afford to trust to the flesh and the wisdom of the flesh and the beauty that the flesh can feel.

And this poetry of theirs has that assurance. It is clear and accurate and sharp. It uses, instead of shadowy and bottomless depths, surfaces and planes and prisms of refracted light. It is satiric rather than ironical and more often quaint than strange. It is personal but its personality has a candor which forbids intimacy. Its beauty is a beauty not of possibility but of bounds. And its greatness is rather in perfection than in prophecy. That is, it is not romantic but proportional. One does not see through it into an operation of the creative mind nor out of it into eternity, for it is opaque and ponderable as a plaque of hammered gold. It represents nothing beyond itself. It has no intent to be perspicuous. It is language made less and more than language; language made the medium of another art.

If it were possible to use the phrase free of its seeming disparagement, the writers of this poetry should be described as artists in words rather than poets And if they were so called it would be possible to say of Elinor Wylie what cannot otherwise be said, that she is, at her best, as perfect an artist in words as English has produced. She is, like Miss Lowell, one of those to whom words are as tangible as stone. And, like Miss Lowell, she sees more often with her fingers than her eyes and writes in the sense of touch. Language is a metal to her mind and upon its surface she works patterns and dies which are only incidentally the impressions of speech. It was a guildsman of Benvenuto Cellini who wrote, in Epitaph, in her latest book,

> For this her loveliness was curved
> And carved as silver is:—

and, in that marvelous second quatrain from Nonchalance,

> In this clear water shall be cast
> Outrageous shapes of steel and gold,
> And all their hot and clotted past
> Beaded with bubbles silver-cold.

And it was a master jeweller who designed and set The Fairy Goldsmith in Nets to Catch the Wind, and, in Black Armour, the Unfinished Portrait. But even where she most resembles the craftsmen of marble and gold she most surpasses them, for she works from models which they never dared to use. She knows that art by which medallions may be coined from the intangible, and abstractions turned to stone. In Self Portrait—in her second volume—she makes of that vaguest of conceptions, the human mind,

> A lens of crystal—
> A texture polished on the horny palms
> Of vast equivocal creatures, beast or human,
> A flint, a substance finer-grained than snow
> Graved with the Graces in intaglio—

And in her lyrics she produces from materials ordinarily fragile with emotion the same sculptured and sensible effect. Her lyrics are fluent. They are exquisitely musical. But theirs is the fluency of water running in a bronze relief, and the music of unstruck bells.

It may very well be that Elinor Wylie's enduring fame, and enduring fame beyond the rest of her generation of young poets she seems very sure to have, will rest upon her mastery of the art of ponderable speech. But if her fame does rest there it will be because of her failure to free her mind from the perfection of her art. To revert again to those all but mythical distinctions of sex which once explained so much, her mind is as curiously masculine as the method of her verse is feminine. She is, by complexion and humor, the natural and metaphysical son of the Dean of old St. Paul's. John Donne begot her out of falling stars and mandrake roots and whether or not she bears him affection is an irrelevant matter. She is the heir to that impossible clean beauty in the brain which drove him into the riddles and contradictions of his intricate conceits. She too loves those countries which lie outward of the sense. She too loves the dry sharp bitterness of the idea of death. She feels, as he too would have felt,

> behind a carnal mesh
> The clean bones crying in the flesh.

She calls herself a puritan—but only for the things she abhors. The things she desires are no more puritan than they are Taoist or Mohammedan. They are the lovely things of the courageous mind—nakedness of soul, singleness, freedom from common men and things.

> Avoid the reeking herd,
> Shun the polluted flock,
> Live like that stoic bird,
> The eagle of the rock.

Cruelty which can burn away soft and too mortal flesh, savagery, sharp edges and keen points of pain, have a beauty which she understands. They are the weapons of the mind to lay clean the skeletons of things.

But the love of salt and steel was in Donne, and is no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Distinguished Books DORAN BOOKS of the Autumn

MEN OF LETTERS
Dixon Scott

Among the subjects are Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Henry James, Kipling, and others with an introduction by Max Beerbohm. By a *Manchester Guardian* critic. $3.00

THE HUMANIZING OF KNOWLEDGE
James Harvey Robinson

What the mind now in the making will make of education before it finishes the job. $1.50

POST MORTEM
C. MacLaurin, M. D.

A doctor looks at history and the history-book characters emerge as vital, surprising and fully-understood personalities. $2.50

AUNT POLLY'S STORY OF MANKIND
Donald Ogden Stewart

The nationally-known author of "Perfect Behavior" and "A Parody Outline of History" has written another humor classic. Illustrated. $2.00

R. L. STEVENSON
Frank Swinnerton

Arnold Bennett says: "Since its appearance Stevenson's reputation has never been the same." $2.00

GEORGE GISSING
Frank Swinnerton

The only competent study of the author of "New Grub Street," by the man whose early fiction showed Gissing's influence. $2.00

THE BOOKMAN ANTHOLOGY OF ESSAYS
Edited by John Farrar

Hugh Walpole, Floyd Dell, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Heywood Broun, H. L. Mencken, and others are among the contributors. $2.00

W. S. GILBERT HIS LIFE AND LETTERS
Sidney Dark and Rowland Grey

At last the life of one member of that immortal pair, Gilbert and Sullivan, whose lyrics and music of "The Mikado," "The Pirates of Penzance," etc., have delighted us for years, has been written. Illustrated. $5.00

Two Books of Extraordinary Interest in Explaining the Amazing Tangle of Europe

THE GENESIS OF THE WAR
Herbert Henry Asquith

"This is history." "A plain statement written by a man who is a great master of plain statement." $6.00

WHERE ARE WE GOING?
Lloyd George

The man in America or England best fitted to speak on the present desperate plight of the world, is Lloyd George. He does so with characteristic fearlessness. $3.00

YOUNG FELIX
Frank Swinnerton

Mr. Swinnerton's new novel, the sympathetic and yet gently ironic account of a young man whose touch brought disaster, is his longest, most ambitious, and most successful novel. $2.00

RICEYMAN STEPS
Arnold Bennett

Mr. Bennett's new novel, his finest work in years, gives the history of Elsie, a lovable young servant girl in the year of her life's crucial anxiety and hard-won happiness. By the hand that wrote "The Old Wives' Tale." $2.00

JEREMY AND HAMLET
Hugh Walpole

"No one who enjoyed 'Jeremy' (which until the appearance of 'The Cathedral' was the most popular of Walpole's books) can afford to miss 'Jeremy and Hamlet'." $2.00

STREETS OF NIGHT
John Dos Passos

A frank book written with the characteristic style of "Three Soldiers"—with old Boston for a background. $2.00

ANTIC HAY
Aldous Huxley

The author of "Crome Yellow" now invites us to watch the engaging spectacle—a young Oxford tutor preparing to "dance the antic hay." $2.00

THE WALLET OF KAI LUNG
Ernest Bramah

A special box-edition of "The Wallet of Kai Lung" and "Kai Lung's Golden Hours"—those two volumes of incomparable wit and satire—has been prepared as a holiday gift. $5.00

JENNIFER LORN
Elinor Wylie

A sedate extravaganza of the adventures of an Eighteenth Century lord and his bride in India—printed and bound in Eighteenth Century manner. $2.50

THE GASPARDS OF PINE CROFT
Ralph Connor

Ralph Connor's romance of the Windermere Valley. The clean breath of Northern forests comes out of this fine story of a man's struggle between two powerful strains in his nature. $2.00

WOMEN AND THE LABOR MOVEMENT
Alice Henry

An account of woman in industry—how she began, how far she has got—with special reference to economic factors. $1.50

THE ECONOMIC ORDER: What Is It? What Is It Worth?
John H. Gray

The professor of Economics, Carleton College, briefly and ably discusses the present economic system from an ethical standpoint. Pamphlet form. 10 cents

THE CONTROL OF WAGES
Walton Hamilton and Stacy May

Professor John R. Commons says: "As a piece of economic literature and theorizing it is unexcelled by any American economist." $1.50

THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN
Howard Carter and A. C. Mace

The first authoritative account of the Earl of Carnarvon's famous discovery in the Valley of the Kings, dedicated to Lord Carnarvon. With over sixty plates and a frontispiece. $5.00

THE JUDGE
Rebecca West

"The clear unmistakable light of genius, comparable to George Eliot at her best."—*New York Times.* $2.50

WIFE OF THE CENTAUR
Cyril Hume

A story of the youth of today, restless, eager for life, courageous; and beneath the surface glitter, a genuine sense of the true values of life. $2.50

SNAKE DOCTOR
Irvin S. Cobb

A typical Cobb collection, including a story of old Judge Priest, headed by the dramatic tale which won the O. Henry Prize Memorial Award. $2.00

THE GAY YEAR
Dorothy Speare

Here's a picture of our young married people done with the same deftness and face toward the facts that made the great success of Dorothy Speare's first novel, "Dancers in the Dark." $2.00

THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD
Philip Gibbs

The story, at first tragic, ultimately one of happiness, of two modern young people. The novel is set against tremendous backgrounds of a Europe devastated by the aftermath of war. $2.00

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, 244 Madison Avenue, New York

Please mention The New Republic when writing to advertisers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doubt in his natural children, a passion like other passions of desire. It cannot be represented in crystals. It cannot be expressed in any art which aims chiefly at the most perfect expression. It must make its own channels. And in Elinor Wylie's work it is never permitted that license of full flood. In a sense which perhaps she never intended her title of Black Armour for her second book is marvelously apt. Her verse is not only a metal of defence but a metal of captivity. The flesh, or as she would say, the bones, are prisoned in this damask work, etched over with design, and not even in those poems which she would have us believe, from their title of Beaver Up, display herself does the face of the adventurer appear. Occasionally, as in The Eagle and the Mole in Nets to Catch the Wind she has been explicit; but even there her passion is constrained to the limits of a perfect line. Only now and again does one catch a gesture, a movement of the mailed and articulated body, which conveys more than a suit of armor ever meant. For the most part there is only the art of the smith and the attitudes of steel.

This is perhaps more evident in the later than in the earlier volume because the art of the later volume is more closely wrought. There are no flaws for the escape of an unintended sense. There is no careless work. Even so awkward a line as "On a bedstead striped with bright-blue paint" is self-conscious and obviously planned. Every phrase bears the marks of the gold-smith's hammer, and the dints of artistry are only not apparent because they everywhere appear. But at the same time the later volume has poems which seem to promise a more flexible if a less perfected method. They are poems which seem to have been written all at once and left. They are not perhaps characteristic of what will be recognized as Elinor Wylie's distinctive art. They are certainly not expressions of the hungry ardor and the high intolerance of her mind. But they are much more than straws to show the wind, for they are amazingly beautiful.

I cannot give you the Metropolitan Tower;
I cannot give you heaven;
Nor the nine Visigoth crowns in the Cluny Museum;
Nor happiness, even.
But I can give you a very small purse
Made out of field-mouse skin,
With a painted picture of the universe
And seven blue tears therein.

I cannot give you the island of Capri;
I cannot give you beauty,
Nor bake you marvelous crusty cherry pies
With love and duty.
But I can give you a very little locket
Made out of wildcat hide:
Put it into your left-hand pocket
And never look inside.

It is quite idle to wonder what Elinor Wylie's poetry may become, for it is not in the process of becoming. It is as definitely shaped in its own image as any poetry that has ever been written. And it must be appreciated as it is or not at all. We may complain of her use of poetry for the etching of unutterable forms when she might use it for so large an utterance. We may object that the obtrusion between herself and her readers of such verse as she is capable of writing substitutes for a rarer beauty, a beauty less persuasive and less rare, and we may justify our objection with John Keats's phrase that "poetry should be great and unobtrusive." But when all such exceptions have been taken and all possible reservations saved the essential quality of Elinor Wylie's poetry remains. She has achieved in a great and difficult art a great distinction. And she has coined a tangible and enduring beauty out of air.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

The Pilgrimage of Festus

The Pilgrimage of Festus, by Conrad Aiken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

CAST in the part of Festus, a naïve adventurer with a simple vision, Conrad Aiken has made another philosophic voyage. By the expenditure of many words Festus pays his way through such tinsel illusions as imperial power, and is grieved by such little disillusions as the discovery that beauty is allied to butchery. It takes a great deal of space to teach Festus that nothingness is merely nothingness and that men dream in rings of recurrent futility. Indeed he has not, at the end, quite learned the futility of it, because he is ready, as the book ends, to start out through the whole childlike business again. In that respect, at least, he touches the broad path of the human race.

Festus makes his journey in the manner of a New England branch railroad train. In New England these amble off here and there from the main lines of travel. They serve the traffic of small mill-towns and farming communities; but they do not have the purposeful atmosphere of a commercial venture. Their progress is rather in the nature of a casual social event—the conductor sits down and talks it over with the familiar passengers, and, at the stations, there are diversions from the business in hand because the wise-crackers who frequent the benches under the ticket-office windows have been collecting new quips to hand out to the engineer, the baggage-man, and the brakeman. And yet these trains reach their destinations.

Festus also reaches that destination to which his ticket was bought by his author. He arrives a little late because his train has not been economical in the matter of time and distance. It wandered here and there across the map; now and then an Old Man, (who would be of course the conductor of our comparison) dropped into the seat beside Festus, talked over the incidents of the trip, and prognosticated as to when they would arrive at the next station; and, arrived at these stations, the echoes of the jokes passed about by the boys on the platform came drifting through the car window—at the town of Imperial Power the wise lads had gotten hold of the old one about the beautiful lady who died while being cut up.

It would seem as if Festus would be more of a figure if he were made less of—if he were, let us say, a minor character in a novel. And yet the book of his pilgrimage contains justification for being as it is rather than something else. This justification lies outside of the protagonist and outside of the rather spineless tale of his adventure, indeed it is a contributing cause to that spinelessness. For Aiken seems here to be at the mercy of ripe phrases and luscious images of beauty; it is as if one image suggested another and the author allowed this suggestion to carry him along, forgetful of the economy and clarity of his aim.

In the last section of the piece, Festus says,

Loud be our speech, for the echo is sweet.

That is so, the echo of the poem is sweet. The reader

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It Is Now the Fashion To Be Intelligent

A SINGULARLY dull tradition has passed out of existence in America. Until recent years it was still considered fairly bad form to be intelligent; to be well-read was either a snobbish superfluity or a social misdemeanour; to be actively interested in art and letters was to be, in a way, a bounder.

The result was the social ostracism of intelligence. And the change in American life which now makes it impossible for this ostracism to continue is attributable to many influences, most important of which is The Dial, America's only complete magazine of the creative and critical arts.

Because The Dial has actually accomplished the seemingly impossible in America, it exists as a journal of art and letters and is recognized by men and women of intelligence as an essential part of their lives. By refusing to present to its readers the things that are bad, and by presenting the best in a dignified and attractive manner, it has demolished the prejudice against intelligence; month after month it has proved that good fiction is better than bad fiction, that good poetry is more interesting than jingles, that good essays are more captivating than imitations of polite essayists, that sound criticism is preferable to book-puffs, that good pictures are more pleasant to behold than magazine covers.

The Dial, in the opinion of Europeans and Americans alike, is the outstanding fact in the American world of letters. It is the magazine which cultivated men and women expect their equals to read.

A Christmas Gift of Charm and Distinction for Intelligent People

THE DIAL for one year and one of the following significant books by distinguished contributors to The Dial—$5.00.

The Waste Land, by T. S. Eliot
Tulips and Chimneys, by E. E. Cummings
One Way of Love, by Cuthbert Wright
Open All Night, by Paul Morand
Horses and Men, by Sherwood Anderson
The Heretic of Soana, by Gerhart Hauptmann
Prospects for Industrial Civilization, by Bertrand Russell
The Rover, by Joseph Conrad

THE DIAL alone is $5.00 a year.

THE DIAL and the book may be sent to different addresses. We will also send an attractive Christmas card announcing your gift, if you desire us to do so.

THE DIAL
152 West 13th Street, New York City

GENTLEMEN:—Please enter my name for a year's subscription to THE DIAL and send me also the book listed below:

Name .....

Address .....

.....

☐ I enclose $5.00.

☐ I will remit $5.00 on receipt of your bill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has none of the excited clarity which comes from being taken up to view a new world, created by an original mind; but rather, when the poem ends by looping back to the same fair images with which it began, he has been bemused, like an afternoon dreamer, by dropping slowly through one set of humming phrases into another. There is a sort of romantic meaningfulness about this kind of verse, a sort of piratic intention to steal from time every drop of rich beauty. It is an intention which most often defeats its aim, for beauty pursued like that becomes orotund, as it does at times in Festus. The most valid beauty is only a by-product of other intentions.

There are also two sides to the verse forms used in the book. The upper side is the fine artfulness of them, the way they run, and shimmer, and settle into pools. The under side is that this very virtue seems to be overcalculated, as if the author were willing to show what he could do in that line in a piece of that length.

The Pilgrimage of Festus is not worth so much reading as some of the author's other work, and particularly Priapus and the Pool. Perhaps that is because Aiken's virtues and his faults are more suitable to the shorter lyric forms of the latter book than to a long story in verse. That is true of most poets, who seem now unable to tell when they should be writing poetry and when prose, and also, of course, unable to tell when not to write at all. The most summary judgment to make of the Pilgrimage of Festus is in fact that it does not say much and what it does say is not said with the greatest possible clarity; but that there are decorations of beauty along the way which make the journey worth taking.

H. Phelps Putnam.

Body of This Death

Body of This Death. Poems by Louise Bogan. New York: Robert M. McBride. $1.50.

THE true artist doesn't weep for other worlds to conquer. His own world he conquers over and over that from the long sowing of dragons' teeth at last may spring a splendor of armed warriors for his commanding. Time and time again these summoned figures come misshapen as gnomes and monsters whom the artist must slay without pity and mold again to dragons' teeth and sow into the earth. No matter. No matter even if the dragons' teeth are stained with his life's blood. The true artist doesn't wander discouraged over meadows and pick the pretty daisies. He doesn't carve the dragons' teeth into quaint toys and sell them in the market. He remains where he must remain until the barren soil yield up the army of his power. Then and not before then may he win the golden fleece.

Unless we insist, therefore, upon an artist's single task we are going to talk glibly about variety being the spice of art. It is so easy to announce with a fine pedantry that one theme endlessly repeated grows into a weariness, and that (of course) Tristan and Isolde, which includes only love and death, is less valuable and exciting than Rigoletto, which presents dukes, jesters, bravos, heroines, and nobles all making a jolly noise. It would be so easy to say, by a simple process of analogy, that Louise Bogan's first book of poems, Body of This Death, lacks variety of theme because under a multiple dazzle of title and imagery it actually sings one song over and over again. A lyric poem, however, is by its very nature a short cry; and these twenty-seven short cries are each one of the very core of gathered intensity. A cry of anguish, however short and however often torn from the heart, may be more impressive than the repertory of a barrel organ.

From the Body of This Death there appears to be no deliverance. In lines as haunting in their graven beauty as they are appalling in their implications, the poems unroll a screen of intense and unforgettable appearances. It is not another announcement that life is a tale told by an idiot. The body is not here bound on the tough rack of an alien world. The death here resolved is the death of love not under the vast weight of an obscure fate, or by the dispensation of the heartless gods, but at the cruel hands of love itself slaying the thing it loves. In The Crows one finds the full measure of a terrible imagery.

> The woman who has grown old
> And knows desire must die,
> Yet turns to love again,
> Hears the crows' cry.
> She is a stem long hardened,
> A weed that no scythe mows.
> The heart's laughter will be to her
> The crying of the crows.
>
> Who slide in the air with the same voice
> Over what yields not and what yields,
> Alike in spring, and when there is only bitter
> Winter-burning in the fields.

The range is narrow, and the emotions are hardened to a fixed idea; yet a mountain is five miles of solid rock, and the dynamite which explodes all that variety and vastness is only a handful of powder. A planet is ninety million miles away: an overpowering immensity of distance! Yet what man has ever choked a woman to death because a planet is ninety million miles away?

By reason of their inwoven texture these poems may earn the title "obscure" in all its dignity. They don't present words like glass beads traded to worshipful savages. They don't seduce the eyes with a metallic brilliance of figurines wrought upon a brazen screen. From the bitter heart of frustrate passion, the recovered pride of agony, and the core of pain they have fashioned an austere and perdurable beauty. The images never appear to be just images because in poetry it's the thing to seek out images. Behind the surface vividness of the poem called A Tale lies horror and terror and unfathomable pain.

> This youth too long had heard the break
> Of waters in a land of change.
> He goes to see what suns can make
> From soil more indurate and strange.
>
> He cuts what holds his days together
> And shuts him in, as lock on lock:
> The arrowed vane announcing weather,
> The tripping racket of a clock;
>
> Seeking, I think, a light that waits
> Still as a lamp upon a shelf,—
> A land with hills like rocky gates
> Where no sea leaps upon itself.
>
> But he will find that nothing dares
> To be enduring, save where, south
> Of hidden deserts, torn fire glares
> On beauty with a rusted mouth,—
>
> Where something dreadful and another
> Look quietly upon each other.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARPER & BROTHERS
PUBLISHERS SINCE 1817
49 EAST 33rd STREET NEW YORK

Grover Cleveland

The Man and the Statesman

By Robert McElroy

Edwards Professor of History, Princeton University

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY ELIHU ROOT

A FASCINATING biography of one of the really great figures of our time. "Mr. McElroy has written this life story impartially and yet vividly. His two volumes deserve a place among the few political biographies that stand out conspicuously as contributions to literature."—*Lawrence F. Abbott* in the *New York Herald.*

Two Volumes, Boxed, $10.00

History of Art

By Elie Faure

More than 200 illustrations in each volume. *Volume I, "Ancient Art"; Volume II, "Mediaeval Art"; Volume III, "Renaissance Art."* Ready in December, *Volume IV, "Modern Art."*

$7.50 Each

Erasmus

A Study of His Life, of His Ideals, and of His Place in History

By Preserved Smith

Professor of History, Cornell University

"Here is skill in personal portraiture and a success in historical narrative which could hardly be excelled."—*Boston Herald.* $4.00

Adventures in Journalism

By Philip Gibbs

Author of "Now It Can Be Told"

A THRILLING inside story of the changing Europe of the last quarter of a century, by a world-famous free lance. "This is an account of real romance, a narrative that is scarcely paralleled in the literature of this decade."—*P. A. Kinsley* in the *Philadelphia Record.* $2.50

Lummox

By Fannie Hurst

"Bertha, the lummox, is made to stand out titanic and authentic, and perhaps a permanent figure in the American gallery." — *Laurence Stallings* in the New York *World.* $2.00

Bunk

By W. E. Woodward

"Bunk is satire seasoned with wisdom, mellow and learned. For intelligent people the book will be a delight."—*Carl Van Doren* in *The Nation.* $2.00

The Harp Weaver

and other Poems

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

A SIGNIFICANT new volume by America's most distinguished young poet. The exquisite title poem is the winner of the 1922 *Pulitzer Prize for Poetry.* $2.00

In uniform edition, "The Lamp and the Bell," "A Few Figs From Thistles." $1.50 Each

McBRIDE BOOKS

¶ THE HIGH PLACE

A Comedy of Disenchantment
By James Branch Cabell

IT is no longer necessary to introduce a new book by James Branch Cabell with any word in praise of its authors. One of the few living writers of admitted genius, his books are generally regarded as among the most distinguished contributions to modern literature.

Here then, is the latest book: a romance of that Poictesime, in which were laid the scenes of "Jurgen" and "Figures of Earth"; a "comedy of disenchantment" that is audacious, wise and beautiful; and a book which will, we believe, take its place among the finest of its author's writing. 3rd printing. $2.50 net. Postage extra.

¶ THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

By James Branch Cabell

Revised edition with an introduction by Edwin Bjorkman. $2.00 net. Postage extra.

¶ ASHES OF VENGEANCE

By H. B. Somerville

A romance of old France, of the age-old feud between the houses of Vrieac and La Roche, and how, out of bondage, came a great friendship and a greater love. 2nd printing. $2.00 net. Postage extra.

¶ BODY OF THIS DEATH

By Louise Bogan

¶ MASQUERADE

By Ben Ray Redman

First books of poems by two gifted young Americans. Each $1.50 net. Postage extra.

¶ TOGETHER

By Norman Douglas

The record of a Summer in an Alpine village by the author of "South Wind," "Alone," etc. Illustrated. $2.50 net. Postage extra.

¶ THE PUPPET MASTER

By Robert Nathan
Author of "Autumn" and "Youth Grows Old"

This "story of some dolls," as Mr. Nathan describes it, is, in the words of the *Boston Transcript,* "one of the most lovely and idylic books of the season." It is a book of gaiety and wisdom; one of the really distinguished contributions to contemporary letters. 2nd printing. $1.75 net. Postage extra.

Robert Nathan creates in fiction a kind of beauty that no other author is creating. "Because of this he is destined to win a secure place in the company of contemporary writers.—Ben Ray Redman.

¶ JURGEN

By James Branch Cabell

A new edition, with striking illustrations by Ray F. Coyle. 8vo. $5.00 net.

¶ COMPROMISE

By Charles J. Finger

The story of a woman of these times. "A more significant work than 'Brass' or 'Main Street.' "—*The New York Times.* $2.00 net. Postage extra.

¶ HIGHWAYMEN

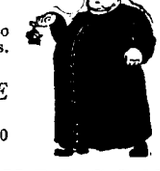
By Jay Gelzer

A book of gallant rogues: Dick Turpin, Claude Duval, Jack Sheppard, Colonel Blood, Jonathan Wilde and other worthies. Illustrated from wood blocks in color by Paul Honore. 8vo. $3.00 net. Postage extra.

¶ TWO VAGABONDS in SPAIN

By Jan and Cora Gordon

A captivating book. The adventures of two young artists in Spain illustrated by themselves. 8vo. Illustrated. $4.00 net. Postage extra.



¶ PICTURE TOWNS of EUROPE

By A. B. Osborne

A book of Old World cities. Illustrated. $2.50 net. Postage extra.

¶ A BOOK OF ENTERTAINMENTS AND THEATRICALS

By Helena Smith Douglas and Louise Bascom Barratt

Tells everything one needs to know about the planning and successful execution of every kind of organized entertainment from the small banquet to the most elaborate pageant. Illustrated. $3.50 net.

¶ SNYTHERGEN

By Hal Garrott

A book which, we heartily believe, will become a child's classic. The story of Snythergen who became a tree is a thoroughly delightful fancy, whose appeal is not limited to younger readers. With more than forty illustrations by Dugald Walker. $2.50 net.

¶ FAIRY TALES FROM THE ORIENT

Tales from the Far East, compiled by Frederick H. Martens and illustrated by George Hood. $2.50 net.

¶ FAIRY TALES FROM FAR AWAY

Another of Mr. Martens' delightful compilations. Illustrated by da Loria Norman. $2.50 net.

At All Bookstores. Send for our Holiday Catalogue.

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY

Publishers 7 West 16th Street New York

Please mention The New Republic when writing to advertisers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Body of This Death unlocks the luminous abysm of pain. One hopes that in her next work and with a deepening richness Miss Bogan may turn from her completed third act of Tristan and Isolde and with an equal intensity and beauty write the second act.

A. Donald Douglas.

Program Poetry

The Hills Give Promise, Lyrics, and Carmus: A Symphonic Poem, by Robert Silliman Hillyer. Boston: B. J. Brimmer Company. $2.00.

IF at first approach this Promised Land seem to achieve a certain elevation above the arid plain, traversing it brings you no nearer Parnassus and yields but little milk and honey. A half-dozen hills to which the Hillyer has given an Egyptian look by methods almost as specious as produced last summer's King Tut gowns. A dozen apostrophic monuments celebrating Death or some Deserted Temple or a Mermaid wrecked on Plymouth Rock. Another dozen glimmering altars where good taste and a soft liturgical music evoke, not the Muse, but her chill shadow, the will to poetize. And perhaps a dozen authentic lyrics —minor in key, andante, diminuendo, but fragrant with reality and sometimes pungently ironic. No sudden crag thrusts you into the sky. No thicket detains you with extravagant flora or wanton fauna. Rather, you cross autumnal pastures, breathing a nostalgic haze as of wood smoke at twilight and listening to a bewildered Northern shepherd who complains (with candor), "I hear faint pipes from overseas" and "I tremble with an old distrust."

Long after you have given up hope of discerning any connected range or sharp divide in these unpromising hills, you debouch upon a level and extensive plateau—far too level and somewhat too extensive. Here the figure changes, for this is Carmus: A Symphonic Poem.

Music has borrowed so many literary tags—ballad, novelette, romance, revery, rhapsody, poem—that to dishonor poetry's current drafts upon music were ungenerous. The sole criterion must be the use to which a given poet puts his borrowings. Conrad Aiken, for one, has developed an instrument so responsive and versatile that it returns ample dividends on musical capital in his variations, sonatas, and symphonies. But Mr. Hillyer has heedlessly got into debt to Aiken and to music without being able to capitalize the usufruct. Carmus, as the biography of a soul from infancy to wise old age, had to have a chronological program. Meanwhile, attempting a universal statement of human experience in symbolic terms, its content had to be metaphysical. And to the double difficulties of simultaneous narrative and philosophical poetry that taxed the genius of Dante, Milton, and Goethe, and that Wagner resolved in music itself, Mr. Hillyer has addressed a superficial imitation of musical forms. The garment thus given Carmus—a "symphonic poem" in four "cantos" separated by "interludes" and accompanied by a marginal "argument" —is like a Dennison costume in crepe paper and mucilage: it is colorful and frilly, but it binds nothing and it will not wash. It loses the story in frequent obscurities. It lets the philosophy retreat into that vague and unprofitable mysticism in which

> The wanderer merges in the quest
> And the dreamer in his dream.

And upon the poetry it puts so little formal restraint that the four cantos would pass for a single, too monotonous free fantasia if they were not marked off by the lyric interludes. These, on the other hand, are individual enough in theme and treatment to seem interpolated solos. So you alternate between two programs, a symphony concert and a recital, with the ensemble movements about as interchangeable as the solo numbers.

Now, this is not to insist that Mr. Hillyer ought to have shackled himself to symphonic structure. Quite the contrary—the effect is the thing. As it happens, his least effective movement is a rather close structural approximation of the modified rondo; and his most effective passage, the sustained finale which (with a brief coda) closes the work, owes least to music. A much more successful poem on a like theme, The Man Against the Sky, concludes with a similar effect better sustained—and makes no gesture toward the technique of the other art. The informing fact is that the regular stanzas carrying Mr. Robinson's speculations about the human soul are more musical—more flexible in tempo, more vigorous in rhythm, more varied in mood, more orchestral in development—than this symphonic imitation of Mr. Hillyer's; and one of the many reasons is that the latter has relied too heavily on borrowed mechanism to produce the musical effect, and too lightly upon his obligations as composer. Detached phrases of beauty, moments of original melody and a style sometimes austerely eloquent are not enough to keep that machine above the earth, on which, for the most part, it lies and whirs.

Thus Carmus, like all the current experimentation in the several arts and all their rummaging in one another's rag-bags, goes to prove an old case—a case already old when Impressionism led painting up a blind alley and no younger since Neo-Impressionism, Post-Impressionism, Expressionism and their cretinous progeny have successively taken the stand to darken counsel by words. There is no shortcut to form, no patent corset shaped in one art that can of itself confine and support the different flesh of another art. Form is not imitation, but creation. Nor is it creation from the void.

To appropriate a figure William James applied to consciousness, form is like a gate in a wall—of the same stuff but with another function. Its function is not so much to contain materials which have been assimilated into the artist's emotional life and there metamorphosed—their own new shape will do that—as somehow to communicate the very miracle of metamorphosis and thus carry its burden of experience into lives where the original materials, if they have entered at all, lie dead. That quickening contagion, and only that, is art. Other efforts, and all formal imitations, no matter how clever or industrious, remain craft or play.

This law observed, there is nothing to prevent, there may be much to commend, fortifying the appeal of one art with effects borrowed from another. But the effects must not, as they do in this symphonic poem, pull different ways. . . .

And the philosophy? Well, the hero is perhaps too philosophical to be a good philosopher. He hymns divine discontent—but in such a contented way! Granted it is the part of wisdom to content ourselves with our discontent, is that any occasion for complacent satisfaction? One would like the authoritative opinion of Prometheus, or Lucifer.

Clarence Britten

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Among LIPPINCOTT Books

You can find the Ideal Gift for each Name on Your Christmas List

MY JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD
By ALFRED VISCOUNT NORTHCLIFFE

His own impressions, jotted down on train and liner, this diary of his famous "World Whirl" reveals the mind and personality of the great journalist better than any biography. "A human document."—*New York Herald.* Frontispiece of author and map. $4.00

A GUIDE FOR THE GREEDY: By A Greedy Woman
By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

A feast of good reading about good eating. For the gourmet of *belles-lettres* here is a veritable romance of cookery that will charm the mind with its piquant wit even while it enriches the menu with unexpected delights. $2.00

SEEING THE MIDDLE WEST
By JOHN T. FARIS

A fascinating revelation of unsuspected wonder and beauty in the vigorous Middle West. It completes Dr. Faris' popular American Travel Series, now covering every section of the United States. Colored frontispiece, 91 illustrations in doubletone. $5.00

RICHMOND: Its People and Its Story
By MARY NEWTON STANARD

For this chronicle of a city glamorous with romance and story, old paving stones tell tales, old trees gossip, old streets become picture-books, old houses, treasure boxes of forgotten lore. 83 illustrations. $3.50

DECORATIVE FURNITURE
By GEORGE LELAND HUNTER

The handsomest and most comprehensive book on furniture ever published. A thorough treatment by an authority of the history of furniture design from early Egyptian and Assyrian periods to the present day. 30 plates in color, over 450 pages illustrating, in black and white, more than 900 pieces of the world's most famous furniture. $25.00

THE ART SPIRIT
By ROBERT HENRI

Would you enjoy and appreciate art? Read this book for art students and art lovers by a "Master." $2.00

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF FURNISHING THE SMALL HOUSE AND APARTMENT
By EDWARD STRATTON HOLLOWAY

A sumptuously illustrated book for those who take pride in their own homes. 214 illustrations and diagrams. $6.50

BREWER'S PHRASE AND FABLE

Revised and greatly enlarged edition of Brewer's great dictionary. Absolutely essential and invaluable to all who either read or write. "An exceptional work as full of facts as an egg is full of meat."—*Frank H. Vizetelly, Litt.D.* Buckram, $6.00. Half Morocco, $7.50

A NEW VARIORUM EDITION OF THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D., and HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Jr., A.B., Litt.D.

"Indispensable to every student of Shakespeare,'" says the New York *Nation.* Send for full descriptive list of plays now ready. Cloth, $6.00 per vol. Half Morocco, $9.00 per vol.

TO WOMEN OF THE BUSINESS WORLD
By EDITH JOHNSON

Something long wanted—A Success Book for Women. Will supply the business woman with the specialized information she needs to advance herself in her position or profession. Covers everything. $2.00

THE CHARM OF A WELL MANNERED HOME
By Mrs. HELEN EKIN STARRETT, author of "The Charm of Fine Manners"

A charming and gracious little volume that offers real help to those couples who would accomplish a well mannered home and thus attain a true and lasting happiness. $1.50

A Boy Will Enjoy
AMERICAN BOYS' BOOK OF BIRDS AND BROWNIES OF THE WOODS
By Daniel Carter Beard

Woods lore of birds and furry little beasts for the wide-awake boy who loves outdoor life. Profusely illustrated. $2.00

Entertainment for a Girl
FIDELIS
By Jane Abbott

A charming story of a girls' boarding school by the Girls' Own Author. Frontispiece in color and three other illustrations. $1.75

At All Bookstores

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

London PHILADELPHIA Montreal

Seltzer Poetry

BIRDS, BEASTS AND FLOWERS
by D. H. Lawrence

The most important collection of Mr. Lawrence's poems, of which *Henry Seidel Canby* said in the *Literary Review of the New York Evening Post*: "A book of verse rich both in ideas and poetry." $2.50

TULIPS AND CHIMNEYS
by E. E. Cummings

The work of a modern, of which the *New York World* says: "as beautiful poems as have been written by any present day poet in the English language." By the author of *The Enormous Room.* $2.00

AFTER DISILLUSION
by Robert L. Wolf

Poems in a mood of ardent, living youth, in measures of rare beauty and maturity. A first book unique in its power and symmetry of form. $1.25

CAESAR REMEMBERS
by William Kean Seymour

Introducing to America the work of a British lyric poet in the first rank of the modern lyrists, poems of simplicity and depth, in cadence of genuine music. $1.50

GYPSY GOLD
by Charles Divine

New lyrics of high color and romance, long awaited by the enviably numerous admirers of the author of *City Ways and Company Streets.* $1.25

A DINNER OF HERBS
by Nancy Barr Mavity

Lyrics of a beloved poet who sings of the joys and experiences of womanhood. $1.25

THOMAS SELTZER, 5 W. 50th St., New York

Four Poets

The Poems of CHARLES COTTON
Edited by JOHN BERESFORD

We are publishing in conjunction with Richard Cobden-Sanderson of London the first collected edition of the poems of the great Restoration poet, Charles Cotton. There are 500 copies only for America. $4.00

BODENHEIM
Against This Age

A beautiful, stirring, stinging book that interprets our age in poetry of enduring quality. $1.75

JOHN COURNOS
In Exile

Readers of that remarkable trilogy, "The Mask," "The Wall," and "Babel" will find the poetry of John Cournos as beautiful and cogent. $1.50

L. A. G. STRONG
Dublin Days

Published last Spring, this book is still delighting poetry lovers.
"These poems are strong and sinewy and full of the life of the people. They have a colloquial fidelity, a dash and a ring of red-blooded sincerity that cannot be denied."—*N. Y. Times.* $1.25

BONI & LIVERIGHT GOOD BOOKS 61 WEST 48TH STREET NEW YORK, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Putnam Books That Make Worthwhile Christmas Gifts

The wonders of those ancient civilizations which thousands of years ago dazzled the world with their strange splendors have been re-created for you in one of the most superbly illustrated works ever produced.

WONDERS OF THE PAST

The genius of the artists, builders, and engineers of long ago is portrayed in simple, concise stories, with a profusion of pictures in color and black-and-white. Four splendid volumes. Volume One, now ready, contains 550 pages and about 400 illustrations. 24 in colors. $5.00 per volume

♣ ♣ ♣

Thirty Centuries of Life
With its Dreams and Struggles
Its Romance and Laughter
Summarized in

THE OUTLINE OF LITERATURE

The Book of Books—the Story of Stories—telling of every great writer who has contributed to the immortal literature of the world. Three magnificent volumes. Over 500 illustrations, many in colors. Volumes One and Two now ready. A great story, simply told. $4.50 per volume

♣ ♣ ♣

THE OUTLINE OF ART

Here is the key to the great art treasures of all time, presenting the world's famous painters and their masterpieces. It reproduces hundreds of works of art, many in full colors. Edited by Sir William Orpen. Two superb volumes. One now ready. $4.50 per volume

♣ ♣ ♣

"The Outline of Science has no rivals. There is no other book in existence that presents all the sciences from the modern point of view in a familiar language," says the BOOKMAN *of*

THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE

Professor J. Arthur Thomson's work, hailed as the most important publishing event in many years. In one simple, flowing story it tells of all scientific progress since the beginning. Over 800 striking illustrations, many in colors. Four beautiful volumes. $4.50 per volume

♣ ♣ ♣

AN OUTLINE OF HUMOR

By Carolyn Wells, the editor of "The Book of Humorous Verse" and "A Nonsense Anthology." She has written the story of the world's humor and a fascinating survey of the development of the human sense of humor from our primordial ancestors to the present generation. $5.00

♣ ♣ ♣

P. G.'s Latest - - Masters and Men

sparkles with epigrammatic wit as Philip Guedalla, that sensational word wizard, writes of things and people from the young intellectuals to Mr. Disraeli. $2.50

♣ ♣ ♣

SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY

ROBERT LYND'S *Refreshing Essays*

"A revelation of the beauty of those unremarkable things which often we never see because we see them so often. To sit before a wood fire of a winter night with this book and a pipeful of fragrant tobacco—what more delightful could be imagined?"—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*. $2.50

At All Bookstores

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS NEW YORK

Stone Walls and Precious Stones

New Hampshire, by Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

MR. FROST divides this book of verse about his state (he lives in Vermont, and was born in California), into the easy-going, gossipy soliloquy which gives the book its name, and "Notes," and "Grace Notes." These parts are, in their manner and their mood, fairly distinct from each other, and they show Robert Frost with more colors on his palette than we had suspected, an artist with all sorts of distances from his subject, and with many different ways of approaching it.

The title poem is hardly a poem at all—though one soon forgets this, for it is not quite like anything else that was ever written, even by Mr. Frost. More than anything perhaps it resembles a journey across country in the company of a wise, shrewd, humorous person with an uncommon gift of common speech, a journey punctuated with philosophy, anecdotes, reminiscence, scandal, sudden gusts of salty, contented sadness, sudden glimpses of homely, local loveliness, sudden views, through narrow vistas, to the whole wide world. And at the end of the journey—or rather when the horse stops, for there is a lot more to see, we have been across a whole state, and overheard a race of men, and been amused, and informed, and disillusioned, and enchanted. The voice which talks to us does so in an easy, unhurried monotone, never dull, never lifted, never strained; now it is speaking prose, now doggerel, now verse, now poetry. This Morgan Pegasus sometimes slows his trot to a walk, but he never balks, nor shies, nor takes the bit in his teeth.

The curse of bad poetry as of some that is good is its author's destructive consciousness that what he is writing is "poetry." Those cut flowers flourishing in captive water are not for Mr. Frost, who is careful to leave his growing from the earth. Weeds, grass, daisies, lilies—at any rate they are all alive. How he keeps his grass from turning to hay is his own secret. If any one else wrote about fire insurance, it would be hay, and dry at that. But listen to Mr. Frost:

> I knew a man who failing as a farmer
> Burned down his farmhouse for the fire insurance,
> And spent the proceeds on a telescope
> To satisfy a life-long curiosity
> About our place among the infinities.

Maybe this is not poetry. But does that matter? Or does it matter very much that so many of Mr. Frost's lines sound as if they had been overheard in a telephone booth—

> And she has one I don't know what to call him
> Who comes from Philadelphia every year. . . .

It doesn't matter a bit if you are on the other end of the line listening to the whole conversation.

Such lines are only the low spots and gaps in a long stone wall. And "New Hampshire" is just like an old, wandering stone wall. Made of human hands, it rests in the ground, or is partly buried there; it is never the same height in any two places; here it has fallen away, further on it has become a solid protruding rib of the very hill under it; curious, irregular lichens embellish it, flowers sprout through the cracks; it is a museum of quaint beetles,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and meager berries; cows are stopped by it, men talk across it; and it goes bending and ascending over hills and pastures illogically, variously, permanently. So bends and wanders Mr. Frost's pithy, moving, garrulous, and invulnerable poem.

The Notes to "New Hampshire" are shorter pieces, mostly about people, around whom they revolve slowly, toward whose tell-tale secrets they move with a sometimes annoying deliberateness. Yet when the circuitous expedition—full of asides, pauses, details which in any one else would be resented as padding—is completed, there stands clear a singularly real individual, belonging, not to his creator, but to himself. Even the grindstone and the axe-helve are as much characters as the people, and equally with them yield to Mr. Frost their likeness but not their secrets.

If an ordinary conversation between ordinary people were written down, it would sound as if padding had been written into the stuff of life. Yet to those who spoke them, those matter of fact sentences meant something. Whatever Mr. Frost says, he means. Even his most prosaic lines are intended so to be. To ask him to cut them out, or squeeze a little more poetry into them, or build a hotter fire under the whole poem, would be asking him to become another person. His matter of factness in saying just what he means is a part of his virtue of never trying to say more than he means. If he doesn't use as much precious stone as we would like him to, if he uses too many plain ordinary boulders to fill in the chinks, it is because he knows that's the proper way to build his kind of a wall, because he knows that, for the kind of thing he's writing, there aren't enough real jewels to go all the way around. He never stoops to paste.

This restraint, at its worst, verges upon caution; at its best, it produces clear and lovely poetry. Mr. Frost is a perfect example of the difference between reticence and reserve. He never holds back true feeling for fear of giving rein to false. He will tell you how fast his heart is beating, but he will not wear it upon his sleeve. People with less sense of humor would manage to squeeze more poetry out of New Hampshire, and overpaint the portrait of a state for which Mr. Frost has so just an eye:

> She has a touch of gold, New Hampshire gold—
> You may have heard of it. I had a farm
> Offered me not long since up Berlin way
> With a mine on it that was worked for gold;
> But not gold in commercial quantities.
> Just enough gold to make the engagement rings
> And marriage rings of those who owned the farm.

The poetry in these lines is in perfect proportion to the amount of gold in New Hampshire.

All this applies to the Robert Frost of the title poem and the Notes. The Frost of the Grace Notes is a very different matter. Instead of the leisurely conversational pentameter straying over acres of time and country we have a number of delicate, economical, well-rounded poems, in the good old sense, poems with just and inevitable rhyme, with fragile cadences, with quick turns, with swift changes of mood. The stone wall architect has, in most of these poems, disappeared to give place to a sure and skilful jeweller. It is not so much that in these poems Mr. Frost has turned to another method. He has moved, emotionally, much closer to his subject. He is feeling things in a different way, which requires and inspires a different expression. The author of New Hampshire and

The Peak of the Modern Short Story—

31 STORIES

BY THIRTY AND ONE AUTHORS

Thirty-one authors who represent the pick of contemporary British writers contribute to it—

Thirty-one stories are included which have been chosen as the authors' finest—

A book for every taste and every mood—
For a gift it seldom has been equalled—

Read the list of the contributors and realize how unexampled is this book's appeal to every discriminating reader—

Stacy Aumonier
Arnold Bennett
Ernest Bramah
G. K. Chesterton
A. E. Coppard
Jane Findlater
Perceval Gibbon
John Galsworthy
E. M. Goodwin
R. B. Cunninghame Graham
Violet Hunt
Clemence Housman
W. W. Jacobs
F. Tennyson Jesse
E. D. Lowry
George R. Malloch
Mary E. Mann
E. Colburn Mayne
A. T. Quiller Couch
E. R.
Grace Rhys
John Russell
C. A. Dawson Scott
May Sinclair
E. OE. Somerville and Martin Ross
Mary Webb
Catherine Wells
H. G. Wells
Rebecca West
E. Grant Wilson
I. Zangwill

$2.50

TRUTH O'WOMEN

Josephine Daskam Bacon has written a "Spoon River Anthology" of women—and a notable book of verse. Each poem is a dramatic monologue from the grave in which a woman tells the truth about herself at last. $1.50

KNIGHTS ERRANT

By Sister M. Madeleva. Exemplifying the best of present-day Catholic verse, this volume is notable for its high degree of spirituality, delicacy of expression and emotional appeal. $1.25

GOING-TO-THE-SUN

By Vachel Lindsay

"Among the real poets of the out-doors," comments the *N. Y. Times,* "Vachel Lindsay has long stood with the leaders. There is today no American poet whose response to nature's deeper meanings is more vigorous or more original. In *Going to the Sun* Lindsay has captured a good deal of the spirit which animates America today."

You will enjoy the verses which the author has illustrated so ingeniously with his own interesting sketches. $1.75

VERSE OF OUR DAY

Margery Gordon and *Marie B. King* have prepared an anthology of modern verse, representing the finest work of notable American and British poets, that will make a strong appeal to all lovers of poetry. 347 poems—134 poets. $2.00

THE GOTHIC ROSE

Wilfrid R. Childe, a poet who represents the best traditions of English poetry, has written some remarkable verse in this new volume of poems, whose charm and beauty of thought and expression are of truly notable quality. $1.25

D. APPLETON & COMANY

New York *Publishers* **London**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the author of Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening are the same man, but in the latter case he is expressing emotion and not emotion plus amusement, interest, curiosity all at the same time. This poem's singular loveliness deserves that it be quoted in full:

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Contributors

AMY LOWELL is the author of six volumes of poetry: A Dome of Many Colored Glass; Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds; Men, Women and Ghosts; Can Grande's Castle; Pictures of the Floating World; Legends; and of two books of criticism: Six French Poets; Tendencies in Modern American Poetry; and, in collaboration with Florence Ayscough, of Fir Flower Tablets: Translations from the Chinese.

VACHEL LINDSAY is the author of General Booth Enters Heaven, The Congo and Other Poems, the Chinese Nightingale, etc. He has recently issued his Collected Poems which is being extensively reviewed in England. He has also issued two books of pen and ink drawings: The Village Magazine and Going to the Sun, and will soon publish an illustrated edition of his Collected Poems.

WITTER BYNNER, since his return from China two years ago, has been living in New and Old Mexico, at work on poems from the Chinese. Among his books are The New World, The Beloved Stranger, The Canticle of Pan, A Book of Plays, and the translation of Charles Vildrac's A Book of Love.

ALFRED KREYMBORG has published a number of volumes of free verse and short plays, among them Mushrooms, Puppet Plays, Plays for Merry Andrews, Blood of Things and Less Lonely. He was founder and editor of Others, and during its first few months one of the editors of Broom.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER, who contributes verse to the New Republic and other periodicals, is an instructor in English in Harvard University. His first book of poems is to be published in the spring by Harper's.

LOUISE BOGAN is a frequent contributor of verse to various magazines, and author of a recent volume, Body of This Death.

FRANK ERNEST HILL, a Californian, is a graduate of Stanford University, an editor of the Measure, and a member of the editorial staff of the New York Sun.

ELINOR WYLIE besides Black Armour has recently published Jennifer Lorn.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH is a Boston lawyer, who was formerly on the staff of the New Republic.

H. PHELPS PUTNAM, Yale 1916, has been a member of the staff of the Atlantic Monthly Press, and is now writing poetry in Southern France.

A. DONALD DOUGLAS, Harvard 1914, has taught at Harvard and Stanford, and is now a lecturer in English at Columbia. He has written a book of fantasies, From Their Galleries.

CLARENCE BRITTEN is a former editor of the Dial and one of the contributors to Civilization in the United States.

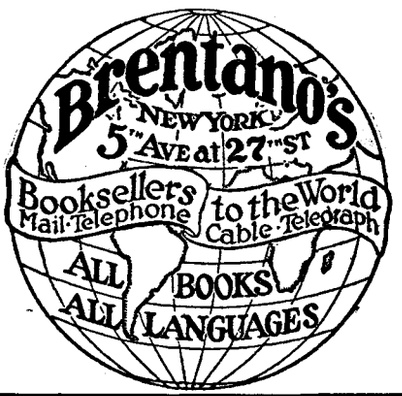
"A self-evident requirement"

ROGET'S INTERNATIONAL THESAURUS

Of English Words and Phrases

"Should be on the shelf of every one who through the written or spoken word desires to use language with nicety and variety."
NEW YORK POST LITERARY REVIEW

741 *pages; Price* $3.00
At your booksellers, or direct
THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO., NEW YORK



The Cooperative School Bulletin

Auburn **Indiana**

Five cents per copy
Fifty cents per year (ten issues)
Published in the interest of the Public Schools

Negro Poets and their Poems
By R. T. Kerlin
Author of the Voice of the Negro

An original interpretation of the mind of the Negro as reflected in the contemporary poetry of the race.

Neatly printed, beautifully illustrated, and well bound.

$1.50 at all booksellers
$1.65 by mail

THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS, Inc.
1538 Ninth St. N. W.
Washington, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED